UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1254.

Original Poetry.

ON THE

DEATH OF ELIZABETH S. HAYS,

Who died September 20th, 1844.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY J. R. C.

Once more my lyre must thrill its mournful tone,
And fling in numbers its deep soothing thought,
And down the autumnal glades my spirit hone
Must wander wearing scenes with all are past.

She passed away when autumn's various dyes,
Roll'd as the foliage of the changing woods;
When golden harvests in deserted plains,
And misty vapors hung along the floods.
The still quiet of the evening hour,
When guardian grief from the clouds lead'n down;
When silence still'd serene the plain and bower,
And hearts at earth look'd down without a frown.
The night winds a'er the Delaware were still.
The waves were sleeping on the pebbled shore;
The morning came with light upon the hill,
And E. Elizabeth was there no more.
Fond friends stood grieving at their loss sincere,
The mother's hope was in the premier grave:
And on them there hallowed by a cross,
A light serene appeared which told of heaven.
Her soul was pure and free from every stain,
As the small rain that greets the morning light—
What earnest is that breaks the silence of the air,
The dread trials of a world of sin.
Her slow flame fainted flicked deeper the war,
And show the form of grief which rage within.
His eye was meek, and last sad view of her,
As o'er the sundery vale her spirit hied:
The voice that call'd her was as peace most pure,
The form that pulsed with beauty for peace provide.
And those fond friends who linger by her tomb,
Must shortly pay the debt as others die;
Most first away an evening's sweet perfume,
And sleep secure beneath the darkening eye.
When death shall call each wanderer by his name,
May each be ready to go on his way;
In hand and in heart,
And live forever in the realms of day.

Original Tales.

UNIVERSITY ROMANCE.

Or, Long, Long Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

CHAPTER I.

Ne'r, oh! the hearty change! now then art gone!
Now then art gone, and never must return!
Milton's Lycidas.

"Oh, the happy years of a college life!" exclaimed one of the number, as the noisy railway cars hurled us rapidly past the monument on Bunker Hill Heights, and into the lively borough of Carlisle. The sight which had called forth this natural, unpremeditated burst of enthusiasm, was at once quaint and prepossessing character. The small square park, in the background of which stood the spacious college edifices, the latter embedded on its front and sides, with thick, low, shade trees, whilst close rows of a similar species quadrangled the pavements which ran around across it. The ground was covered with a rich vernal fleece of nodding grass. The trees and shrubbery luxuriantly exhibited that budding and fresh-scented mantle which is ever so voluptuously cast around by the last days of passing Spring.

It was near sunset; and the close of the day had invited many of the students to saunter within the enclosure. Some were enjoying a promenade; others, with a small auditory around them, were evincing their polemical capacities with a few of the more economical were seated in the shade, poring over the pages of some favorite author. Thus, the season, the hour, and every component circumstance, were admirably calculated to arouse the latent feelings of my Southern friend, and servedly in the exclamation which called forth existence, in which he himself had once been as a boy.

"Never can I forget," said he, "the delightful season I once spent within the hoary walls of old Princeton, even as it is experienced. The youth is then untainted by the aching fortunes of brooding care. His mind is free, and open to every spot where novelty is to be discovered. This freedom is peculiar only to the student, and leaves much of its native impress on his age comes upon us. Whilst fed and cultivated by the fleeting present, it is not the less true that the germs of the *past*, and whilst quite familiar with that which has gone by forever, it already begins to picture out a Shadowy world in which to travel the mysterious *future*. Oh! what would I not sacrifice to call once more the sweet-scented flowers that congregated in bloom during the flush and invigorating period of a University life! How fondly would I fly to scatter once more in that beautiful garden where clustering pleasures hang around in boundless profusion! But alas! their luscious fragrance I can never more inhale, save only signing the dew-mantled verdure that is carefully cultivated in the rich perfumed bonder of recollection!

"Many a romance," continued he, "unexpires there, filled with recollections that never to constitute them incidents of never-ceasing interest, were they only unfolded to the world. Many a maiden's heart has pined away in silent sorrow, and numbers of youth have been doomed to lives of wretchedness and misery, first condemned upon the precincts of that honorable playground. And, indeed, should it ever be assigned before a tribunal where every slumbering cause must be revealed, old Harvard, I firmly believe, many sins would rise against thee in judgment! There is one particular incident which now occurs to my recollection, that ever deeply interested me; and upon a promise of secrecy, I will relate it to you.

We complied with his request, and he proceeded to his narration; to which, for the purpose of better order and regulation, we have taken the liberty to give a more systematical arrangement. Did we keep our promise, it should yet remain secret; but consulting the obligation of our contract impaired by his mental exit, we feel perfectly safe in assuming our own warranted position.

CHAPTER II.

Alas! that love whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathways to its ill!—*Home.*

Charles Landesdale, the son of a wealthy planter in the South, was undergoing the ordeal of a classical education during the same time that I passed through my collegiate course. As we generally attached and united together, he became one of my most intimate companions. He was a promising, well-bred, clever fellow; but, notwithstanding, many objectionable faults. His disposition was quite proud and overbearing; and with boundless wealth to sustain himself, he was ever prone to rule over every one with whom he became acquainted. An inexcusable misdemeanor which he was constantly guilty of, was that of exposing and ridiculing the faults and misfortunes of others. By this pernicious trait he soon turned most of his acquaintances into enemies; but was, nevertheless, as the fact generally occurs, on account of his liberality and opulence, feared, courted by his associates, and respected.

Another young gentleman with whom Landesdale constantly associated, was Edwy Walton. He was from the eastern part of Vermont, but came somewhat short of being a true representative of the praiseworthy scions of New England. He was a highly gifted and talented young man; but might be said to share the usual curse consequent upon this peculiar bounty, by being shamefully destitute of all economical forethought. His studied his tasks with very little difficulty, and always appeared before his tutor with prepossessing appearance. Yet he was, with the many other promising characteristics, merely the passable scholar, and by no means the judicious and profound scholar; a fact which might have been effectually remedied by cultivating that beneficial and praiseworthy incentive—an economical forethought, which generally exists in every composition.

But it would be base ingratitude to throw aside the subject, without a more particular attention to the qualities delineated upon the opposite side. His disposition was rather more noble and attractive than that of his friend; for Landesdale, though he was capable of commanding respect, was nevertheless so uplifted with his bold and haughty manners, that it rendered him to most persons ridiculous and repulsive; his comrades seeking to win his favor more on account of fear than of esteem they to feel, than any fond affection or esteem he might have inspired. But with Walton the case was different. He was kind and benevolent; and though unable to boast of great riches, yet his comparable intellect gave him the advantage of a large number of collegians. However, generally speaking, there was quite a resemblance between the two young men; a something intimately together there was a mutual reciprocity of feelings and principles. Both, too, belonged to that class of intellectual beings, a only cognizable by its distinction in being rendered so by the power of surrounding circumstances; and in very reversed by the great community in which it exists with the highest respect because nothing superior of a similar nature is at hand to contrast with.

The two remaining years of their collegiate course they were both room and class-mates, and associated in unbroken friendship, and were commonly denominated the "Brothers." There was very little differencing the progress of their studies. Each was possessed of a high respectable, and alike the cause of envy to those who were not so successful. The latter years of the class were now ended in them; while it was a matter of much uncertainty and speculation who should come off the ultimate victor. It was upon a calm quiet evening, near the close of the sun-set season, that Landesdale and Walton were seated upon a rustic bench made through the woods, a considerable distance from the University. They had finished their evening repast at the University, and were now proceeding along in silence.

"Ned," resumed Landesdale, "don't you feel glad that the time has nearly closed, and that our studies will soon be over?"

"At times," replied his friend, "I must confess that I do know, with the most perfect satisfaction upon the happy years I've spent in this select portion of the country, I deeply regret that we must leave it forever."

"Regret it, did you say, Ned?" inquired the other somewhat hastily. "Indeed I only wish commencement day were here! Oh! what a Pahaw! on such childishness as that—you've been feasting upon poetry of late! Who, I should like to know, would be willing to be confined from the walls of this wearisome prison? I feel like going South right away; and when I get home I shall have my intention to make love, it should be for the next three years to come. Why, Ned, you ought to feel so happy as a bird, and not sighing and whining like a puppy because you have to leave. Why, you'll be able to slide off scot-free! But, my dear fellow, you'll be probable that your heart is already chained here sentimentally, and you must needs make a fool of yourself among the winding pathway through; ragged haunts, they have at length succeeded in obtaining a long looked for sentiment of collegiate distinction; and are soon to bid, perhaps a final farewell to the most pleasurable spot they have found upon earth! The memories of the graduating class are generally appointed to deliver addresses, in order to evince some improvement has made in their respective studies: and we be to him who does not thus in his last appearance before the assembled community acquit himself with approbation and honor!

Shortly after, Landesdale and Walton had returned from their walk, the latter instead upon the other to accompany him on a visit to a particular friend, whom he had not seen for some time; promising him a welcome reception, and earnestly assuring him that he would enjoy himself exceedingly. Landesdale, however, feeling indisposed for company, declined going; pledging as his excuse, that he must commit his cause, and again visit the South at the same time (as he had a similar task) to follow his example. But Walton seemed determined to open his heart, and accordingly left his room for that purpose. Landesdale soon afterwards was seen wending his way from the University, intending to recognize his composition while walking alone in the moonlight.

He had proceeded a considerable distance upon a lonely and obscure road, and finally found himself approaching a noted brook, over which was suspended a rude, primitive structure called the "Lover's Bridge." It well deserved the romantic name by which it was distinguished. It was embowered in a large stone, consisting of several piers supporting a high-sprung arch, underneath which glided, in low murmurs, a considerable stream. Far away from the old-fashioned fancy-work which adorned its quiet archers, it appeared to have withstood the fury of the elements for a great number of years. For several hundred paces ere the stream reached the bridge, it flowed through a straight, smooth channel, in shores being bounded on the left side by a low perpendicular wall of agillaceous rock, which was in a few places covered with different species of shrub trees. The other was the boundary of a broad meadow-lawn, which extended back for a considerable distance, and was marked along the water's edge by an unbroken line of oaks and elms. As the strides of night gathered around the scene, it presented a sight rather bordering on the terrible. The darkness, as it hovered upon the glassy bosom of the brook, seemed to assume a ghastly gloomy appearance, and the shadows of its high sylvan parapets. But the pleasing effects of the twilight fall upon, as it spread the beautiful cloth, should be seen and felt, in order to be fully appreciated. A lovelier creation of the night's silvered queen, cannot be imagined, and a more beautiful display of moonlight scenery would never be desired!

The solitude which surrounded the place rendered it highly favorable to Landesdale's purpose. He stood upon the bridge, facing the upper part of the stream, and rehearsed his piece with the greatest facility. He had once passed through the ordeal, and was about to claim it over again. However, whilst making a long necessary pause, he fancied that he heard a female laugh near him, and listened attentively, and soon heard the sound of voices. Another moment he gave ear, and was then convinced of being misled upon by hearing the fall of approaching footsteps. Quickly, he let he should be discovered, he folded up his piece, and left the bridge. As he arrived on one of the piers, carefully secreted himself underneath the eaves which protected the boards of the bridge.

He had just escaped, as two individuals—a lady and gentleman—approached the same to be had occupied.

"O, Edwy!" exclaimed the female, "is not the scene delightful?"

"Yes, indeed, Caroline; I think I have never seen it look more beautiful."

"I wish you had been here at least fifty times during the past summer, and I never saw it look so poetically sublime as it does now." Oh! how I wish that a number of ladies were present to give a minature sketch of the scene; it is well worthy the notice of the most gifted composer! Edwy, why didn't you bear a noise under the bridge?"

"Merely the water rippling against the piers," replied the gentleman.

After a long conversation which was carried on in rather an under tone—the conversation of which was lost to Landesdale—the female turned to bid the future wife of Walton—he resumed in an audible voice.

"But Caroline I have a secret to confide to you which I hope you will never divulge, I am not, as many persons believe, wealthy; on the contrary my pecuniary resources are very small. It is necessary that I should go home to study the profession I have in view, which is that of the law. And if we may please ourselves over the course of three years, and claim you as my wife. At the end of that period, Caroline, I declare to you upon my honor, I will make you a silvery queen, to witness my sincerity, that I shall then return to redeem my promise."

"Yes, and I believe you, Edwy, didn't you hear a noise under the bridge?"

"Merely the water rippling against the piers," replied the gentleman.

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"Yes, and I believe you, Edwy, didn't you hear a noise under the bridge?"

"Never, Edwy, if you remain faithful," replied the confiding girl.

"Remember, carefully, three years and the 'Lover's Bridge,'" and sealing her assent with a fervent kiss, they departed homeward.

As soon as Landesdale believed them beyond the reach of his voice, he sprang from his place of hiding into the road, and hastened upon the bridge, proceeded to vent his mortification upon the unfortunate lover.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he will claim her as your wife, eh! Never, Walton, while I have breath! What, you a pennyless rogue, dare to aspire to the hand of such a lovely girl! Caroline shall never be debased by such unworthy protection—I love her, and she shall be my wife! Ah! Walton, little did you think so dastardly treacherous! Hitherto I've supported you as a faithful friend, but now I will be your foe, and will follow you as a secret, but implacable enemy, through your destruction. Hypocrite, go! yet beware of your fate—three years become this bridge shall be your doom!" Still continuing his execrable vituperations, he dashed away in a silent line, and soon had been admitted to the bar; and whilst now on an excursion for the improvement of health, he had visited the University, and was the distinguished honor. He was not an entire stranger; many knew him well, and felt glad at his unexpected success.

After he had concluded he was conducted to receive the personal congratulations of his friends. In a short time gentlemen and numbers of female friends were assembled to pay him their respects, he suddenly encountered, to his astonishment, Edwy Walton!

"Shook his cool with sweet dismay!"

Both started, but neither spoke. The female friends who had been fallen at his feet in surprise his forgiveness, and with the others, had him welcome. She now for the first time saw the the two had separated them for ever: but alas! the hour of repentance was too far past. The deluded Caroline had pledged her heart to the villain, and deep indeed was the pang she experienced. Her brilliant wiles unheeded now excited my admiration and wonder. Her voice of figured satin smoke, ornamented by enormous gold pins, with heads stuck all over with turquoise, and joined in little rows by long chains, now occupied my glowing imagination. I even dared to aspire to a silver tipped cane for street use and actually asked the price of one at an umbrella shop, but had not the courage to purchase it. My most heroic acts of self-denial were, however, performed in passing the looking glass warehouses; for despite were my efforts to prevent myself from stopping in view my success, and oh! how all had changed. He was at the head of his profession, had married a lovely wife, and was surrounded by an interesting family. He had learned the treacherous scheme which thwarted his first love, and cheerfully forgave Caroline; but she can never look again upon Landesdale as a friend.

Caroline long too remembered the disappointment; and perhaps may never find it in her power to efface entirely the deep wounds sorrow had cast upon her heart. But the end is doubtless now partially cured; for a few years afterwards, upon a short acquaintance, she was married to a stranger, and moved far away to a new part of the country.

"What!" we inquired with impatience, waking up from a pleasant reverie, "and was she not then married to Landesdale?"

"Never," replied my friend, gravely affected, "for he had sworn to her for victory's sake; and when that was accomplished he cared for nothing more. Caroline scarcely ever met him after that. But she was a noble girl, and struggled against it with the most commendable fortitude. Two years afterwards she was united to a wealthy iron manufacturer, somewhere in the western portion of the State, and I have since resided.

"As for Landesdale, he returned to the south, and cast himself headlong into all kinds of amusement and dissipation; though I believe since that hour he has seen but little happiness. A guilty conscience haunts him continually, and its terrific tortures, are the last peace may again be his he dare never more hope. He is aware that Caroline and Walton are both happy; but he feels that it is only the shrivelled leaf, or the drooping flower that they enjoy, and not the bloom of the full-blown rose, once destined to be theirs. The deed had been perpetrated, and if worlds were his own he would willingly give them all to have it undone. He now wanders a victim to the world a melancholy picture of base ingratitude. When I last saw him he was on a journey to foreign parts; and—and—there he rising from his seat with folded arms, at the same time blushing deeply at the confession he was making, steadied his narration with a fictitious name, he gravely concluded.

As near stands before you!!!

For the Boys.

MY FIRST COAT.

"We suspect there is not a single male reader of the Post who cannot sympathize in the following which reminds him of his own experience."

My father is an attorney, and with sufficient business for four clerks. But he was unable to support a clerk; so I will own that I was a kind of clerk, and a very useful one, for a person. I had recently completed my sixteenth year, when he thought proper to transfer me from behind to a desk in the office, that I might become qualified for his own profession. My father was a widower, and I was his only child; so I was accustomed to a desk in the office, and I might become qualified for his own profession. My father was a widower, and I was his only child; so I was accustomed to going with messages, filling up subpœnas, and occasionally to copy writs; all which things I performed to the entire satisfaction of my father, and to the great delight of myself. I was the head of no complaints. But my own feelings in the business were of a different kind. I found that, when out upon duty, I was not treated as a boy, but as a man. For example, taking a half-guinea motion to counsel one day, I was announced by the clerk as "Mr. Thompson's lad!" In another instance, when engaged in the somewhat delicate business of serving the copy of a writ, I was told to let me into the house told the footman to tell his master that "Mr. Thompson's lad" was at the door. These appellatives and other similar ones I consequent called me with, and as I was at a loss to account for it, till I reflected that I was then in my sixteenth year, and a boy, with a round jacket and turned-over collar; I could not expect to be called anything but a boy. I determined, then, that I would be a boy no longer. I felt that I could not appear to more advantage than in the dress I then wore. I was, therefore, immediately to have a full length on the grass as heretofore, and to have my hair cut and parted my fancy for its use like a gentleman.

I was, however, doomed to further opportunities of observing the rapid change which had come over me. When I looked at the swans on the pond, which were before the door of the ornamental water, I wondered how I could ever have thought them so big. My father, a fortnight before) have been so lost in all sense of proportion as to imagine that a certain room, below which the park-keeper was not looking, was a large and lofty chamber in which I could be appeared, inwardly as well as outwardly—so much had I grown in a few days. I was growing up, in feeling as well as in costume, that my ideas of amusement took a far higher range. I had formerly thought that a game at cricket was the most earnestly about the last evening's match, I found myself yawning in the midst of my interest in their conversation! I had never previously thought that a game at cricket was a subject of interest to any one. Perhaps," said the lady, "this was because you had never before been presented to me!" I blushed, stammered, and presently walked away fuller of admiration of myself than I had got home since I received the fashionable air of a gentleman who carries his head high, and looks down upon the multitude occupied my mind during my return to the house, and was the principal subject of my reflections during the night.

Every moment of that great era in the calendar of my life, which is called "coming out," my sentient had caused me to a man's estate. When I met a friend in the street, they had not to be reminded who I was, whereupon they all attested how much I was altered, some of them with a good deal of surprise. But one friend tended to convince me of the estimation to which I had arrived in the eyes of the world. No other people so much as a circumstance which I had long ago left behind me. I got home in

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

SUBSCRIBERS IN ILLINOIS.

Mr. E. Y. Jennings, Assistant of C. W. James, our Agent, is now in Illinois, on a collecting tour, and will wait upon our friends. Those of our subscribers in arrears will, we hope, be prepared for his coming. He will also visit Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan, on the same business, during the Summer and Fall.

MISSOURI AND OHIO.

Mr. J. T. Dent, properly authorized, is now operating in Missouri; and Messrs. C. W. James, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Smith, and Thomas G. Smith, with full credentials, will enter immediately upon the Northern and North-Western parts of Ohio, and the vicinity. Give them welcome in our behalf.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Publishers of the Post will present their readers next week a paper printed on new and handsome type, as the commencement of the Twenty-Seventh Volume. The rapidity with which a heavy edition requires that a newspaper should be run through the press, and the wear and tear to which type is subjected by such a process, has created in these modern days a necessity at which Franklin and his contemporaries would have stood aghast. In those days the assortment of types was a printer's permanent stock in trade—perhaps in a sale of a newspaper establishment the heaviest charge. Now we are compelled to be almost as frequent in our changes of *suits* as a lady in her pursuit of the fashions. What was "stock in trade" has become a mere part of the annual expenses; and in the estimate of the value of a newspaper, the types are the last thing inquired for—the mere incidentals. The good name and fame of the publication are its value and property—the type metal is as much secondary, as a man's coat is secondary to his reputation.

They do say, however, that the "tailor makes the man,"—and we, to keep up the analogy, must admit that the types make the newspaper. And as a person in good and prosperous standing can afford to keep his outer man tidy, and something more, too, if he choose, so can a thriving and prosperous establishment afford to keep that freshness of typographical appearance by frequent changes, which less heavily worked type metal preserves by its comparative rest. Every new suit of type upon the Post, our readers must accept as a card of acknowledgments, expressive, if not formal. It is a mode of rendering thanks for patronage which tells its story in a manner agreeable to all concerned.

In the general management of the Post, we do not know that any change is desired. All the indications and expression of opinion which we receive are to the opposite purport. We shall labor still to make the paper an acceptable visitor to every member of the household; striving to publish matter interesting and useful to all moods, ages, and temperaments. It is a great advantage to the character of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post that it is pledged to no particular interest or course to the exclusion of others. All subjects which are acceptable to a list of readers residing in every State and Territory in the Union, are open to us. This range is sufficiently wide, though it bars us from polemical and political discussion, from the support or attack of sectional views and prejudices, and from all themes which may not be cordially received on the broad platform of American Citizenship. It is a pleasant thing to the reader, we trow, while almost every other newspaper might wear a collar motto similar to the famous one:

> "I am his highness' dog, at kew,
> Pray tell me sir, whose dog are you?"

That the independent Post offers a neutral ground, on which all rational men and women may meet. If any desire disputes or bickerings, or contentions, or angry excitements, they may go farther, and for our private opinion, fare worse. But he who wishes the improvement of his family circle—a supply of pleasant and useful topics of conversation—food for a well regulated imagination—a cure for sick fancies—and a weekly glance at the world as it is—(we speak with perfect disinterestedness *of course*) cannot do better than to continue his subscription to the Post—or to order it at once, if he have hitherto so neglected his happiness as to omit or postpone that duty.

"Something too much of this"—perhaps you say! Well—old men have a right to be garrulous, and so of course have old newspapers. Old men have a right to be vain, and so have old newspapers,—particularly when young fellows like the *us* of the Post are inflated with the success of a concern which used to "go" without them, and will outlast their natural lives.

This touches a serious key. There is no "memento mori," like an old newspaper list. Many of the names which have graced our books are now chiselled in marble. But if there be this serious thought suggested, there are also cheerful ones—for our directing clerks can find in the back files of the paper the record of the marriages of many who taught their children which is "the best newspaper." It is unnecessary to say that the parental direction has been followed. "Train up a child," Solomon says, "in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it:"—particularly if it is the way to the Post Office on the day when the Saturday Evening Post arrives.

So much to-day for egotism. We were bound "on this occasion" to say something; and if we have done nothing else in what we have said, we have not, at any rate, inflicted any "sure enough bombast" or windy promises on the reader. We prefer that the paper should tell its own continual story. If that be a good one professions will not improve it—nor if it be bad will boasting make up for deficiency.

THE JERSEY MURDER.

Final decision has at length been made in the cases of Carter and Parke, under sentence of death, as participants in the Warren tragedy in New Jersey. The Court of Errors before which they were brought, has refused to reverse the decision of the Supreme Court against the prisoners. The sentence of death passed upon them is, therefore, made final. The only hope for them now is in the *exercise* of the pardoning power.

Peter W. Parke has published an address in which he denies in the most explicit manner, any participation in the murder, either as principal or accessory, and a similar denial is expected from Carter. The time set for the execution is the 22d of this month, and petitions for a pardon are in circulation.

MORE WONDERS.

A new marvel is announced, which strikes us as plausible—that is if the *adhesion*, does not incline to defeat *locomotion*. It is a new application of galvanism, ascribed to Dr. Wright of Pittsburgh—designed to give the wheels of locomotives the necessary degree of adhesion to the rails to enable them to surmount high grades, and thus dispense with some of their enormous weight. Dr. W. proposes to effect the adhesion, by simply, at will, as the occasion may demand, converting by means of galvanism, the periphery of the driving wheel into a powerful magnet. Its application is said to be very simple, and it is calculated that it will give each wheel an adhesive force of two thousand pounds additional to what it has from its weight.

MEXICO.

We have through the New Orleans papers, dates from Vera Cruz to the 3d ult., and from the city of Mexico to the 28th June. President Herera has issued his proclamation convoking an extra session of the Mexican Congress on the 12th of July, for the purpose of taking the following subjects into consideration: 1st, Constitutional Reforms; 2d, a revision of the acts of the Provisional Government; and, 3d, subjects now pending the action of the Chambers, especially those of the United States and Texas. The Picayune learns verbally that the Mexican Government was to send 20,000 men immediately to the frontier of Texas, but does not credit it.

In consequence of the annexation measure being effected, a new organization of the militia of the Republic has been ordered; the levies under this regulation, are called the "voluntary defenders of the laws." It is stated that, among other indications of the prospect of a war at Vera Cruz, the inhabitants are busily engaged in covering the flat roofs of their houses with sand, to the deph of a foot or more, in anticipation of a bombardment of the town. An official statement of the military force of the country is published, the aggregate of which is about 30,000. Of this force about 19,000 are infantry, 8,500 cavalry, 2,500 artillery, and 1,300 sappers and miners.

A correspondent of the "Jeffersonian" considers the object of convoking the Mexican Congress to be solely a declaration of war. Mexico has divided her territory into ten military departments; the fifth comprehends New Leon, Coahuila, Tamaulipas and *Texas!*

The Collector of Mazatlan had seized the property of an American house, M. Parrott & Co., to compel payment of a contested demand of $4,000 for duties under the obsolete law. Mr. Parrott has prepared a memorial to our government in relation to the matter. The movement is denounced even by the Mexicans as a caprice of the Collector.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

The steamer Big Hatchee, Capt. Frisbee, which left St. Louis on the 20th ult., for the Missouri river, with some forty passengers on board, in leaving the landing at Hermann, about ten o'clock on the morning of the 23d ult., on her way to St. Josephs, burst her starboard boiler with a loud explosion, which forced it straight forward overboard, the steam discharging itself aloft, carrying away the main cabin as far aft as the ladies' cabin, making a perfect wreck of the boat, and spreading death and desolation among the passengers. The explosion scalded some twenty or thirty persons; five or six were killed; among the number was Mr. Lawrence Hoyle, of St. Louis, and the first and second engineers of the boat; the third engineer, a son of Mr. Ludlow, of St. Louis, was badly scalded.

The following are badly wounded:—Patrick Carrigan, fireman; Arthur Neal, Callaway co., passenger; Thompson Gaines, Saline county, Mo., passenger; Harman Spellman, of Germany, and John Ryan, firemen; John Hammonds, of Van Buren county, Mo., passenger; John Barber, of Bath county, Ky., passenger; William Pulliam, passenger; Mr. Bolivar Foster, Callaway county, Mo., passenger; Robert Carter, of Osage county, Mo., passenger. All of the above are badly scalded, and many of them will not perhaps survive.

Slightly Scalded.—Zachariah Titus, Warren county, Pa., passenger; Geo. Carrico and wife, of Carroll county, Mo., slightly hurt; also a negro belonging to them; Thomas Pearce, of Boone county, Mo., passenger; Cornelius McGinis, Mason county, Ky., slightly burnt; E. W. Richardson, firemen, Summit county, Ohio, slightly scalded; Mrs. Amelia Sparey, Fort Leavenworth, slightly wounded.

The following escaped unhurt.—Mrs. Amelia Allen, Adair county, Ky.; John Juda and wife, Clark county, Mo.; Capt. Bennett, Calloway county, Mo.; Winslow Turner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Enos Taylor and wife, New York; Captain Frisbee; James Miller, Clerk; John Allen, pilot of the boat, and between eight and ten deck hands, and a number of others are missing.

THE DROUGHT.

Many portions of the country—indeed we might say most—are in sad want of rain. The picture which the New York Mirror gives of the condition of the upper portions of that State will answer, with little variation, for many other parts of the country. "A heavy fall of rain has not happened for several months, and the light showers occasionally experienced, have only served to moisten the surface of the earth. The streams are dried up, so that the mills have ceased to grind,—the cattle are literally starving for want of pasture, so that a considerable increase in the price of butter, oats, hay, &c. &c., must be the inevitable result. The crop of hay will be so scant, that the present price, which is double that usually paid at this season of the year, will be augmented still more. Oats have also doubled in price, and butter now at 25 cents a pound will rise to an almost unexampled price, as the cows only yield a little more than half the accustomed quantity of milk, and may experience a difficulty in supplying their city customers with that article."

We have observed in recent trips in the vicinity of this city, that many farmers, with an eye to an apprehended scarcity of fodder, have planted second crops of corn, and are using the stalks as food for their stock. Turnips and some other vegetables usual to this season of the year are hardly to be seen, the drought and the worms having destroyed them. But as there are yet many months to winter, and as we still may be blessed with abundant rains, farmers will improve their chance to provide something which, grown after this, may enable them to husband their hay and grain for next winter.

TRANSPORTATION.

Before we dreamed of ever using the regal and editorial first person plural, while yet *our* aspirations were juvenile, and *our* amusements do., *we* caught perch in Wenham *Pond*, and froze *our* fingers also in angling through the ice for pickerel in its season. *We* also waded for pond lilies into the water, and plied upon its surface in a boat the navigation of which was perfectly legal—since we were "admitted to bail"—and "nothin' else!" But now Wenham Pond ice is transported to London, and by Mr. Willis's Letters it will be perceived that Wenham Pond has become *Lake Wenham*, by a trip across the Atlantic. Perch, pickerel, pond lilies and perilous pinnace! What say ye to the change of name of Wenham Pond, and no Act of the General Court to sanction it! We say it's unconstitutional.

"Ancient Woman!" said a youngster just breeched, "if you wish to obtain the gelatinous and albuminous contents of this oviform product of parlitet, you must make an aperture at the apex, and a corresponding one at the base."

"Lord-a-massy!" answered grandma, "how this world does advance! In my time, they only used to break the egg at both eends!"

Lake Wenham, indeed! Let the Britishers, who haven't any Superior, Erie, Michigan and Ontario, call their duck ponds lakes, and dub their geese, swans. We go in for republican simplicity, and—Wenham *Pond*. What say you, cousins of Salem!

COMBUSTIBLES.

Amid all the discussion which has arisen from the frequent and destructive fires which have taken place on this continent, we are surprised that more has not been said of the share which "loco foco" matches must undoubtedly have in producing these casualties. Convenient though they are, their very convenience and readiness of ignition increases the danger from their careless bestowal. We are convinced that many fires which are attributed to incendiaries, owe their origin to the spontaneous or accidental combustion from these dangerous articles. Let every householder look to it.

INDIANA.

According to a writer in the Cincinnati Gazette, the State of Indiana would appear to be thriving wonderfully. According to the Gazette the census of the State, just taken, shows a remarkable increase of polls over last year, being now about one hundred and sixty thou-

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Western States, except Missouri. He is also our Agent for the cities of Memphis, Tenn., and St. Louis, Mo. *C. Gardner Kohl, J. T. Towse and R. V. Lovegrove.*
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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wheaton.

Notices of New Works.

THE TRAITOR OR MARCO POLO. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1845. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 400 and 400.

This work, forming a number of the Family Library, greatly enriches the collection of romances now in the series. It is the edition edited with notes by Hugh Murray, and possesses a clear and intelligible account of the journeys of the celebrated traveller. As the old credit under which his book has lain, was more to be pardoned on the score of the interpretations of a rude translation, and to the ignorance of Europe about China, than to our better knowledge. As this is a work which has hitherto been inaccessible in the general reader, and as the opening of China to the world will give the subject more than ordinary interest, we predict a good deal of attention. It may be found that Marco was not so far wrong, after all.

HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS. *A new edition continued to the present time. By W. S. Browning.* The first edition of this work was published in 1829, and was then comprised only the history of the Huguenots in the sixteenth century. The present edition is a work down to the present time, including, of course, the tragical affair of Vassy, which took place in 1562. We are not aware that there can be to people more interested in the history of the Huguenots, than their descendants in the United States. Many of the best names in our country are found in this stock, and to their connections and friends the book will be especially interesting. It will, readers it has the charm which stirring and important events written in a graphic style never fail to possess. It will be taken up with avidity by the reading public.

THE CHALLENGE OF RAMAYIA. *New York: Paine & Burgess.* 1845. 12mo. pp. 108. T. B. Peterson has just republished from the Indian of Vasgha's, made by C. Edwards Lester, the Consul at Genoa. It is a work of interesting romance, and Mr. Lester has done his part of the work well. So, also, have the publishers—as it appears in a very neat style of publication.

PATRIC AND PHYSICIAN, a work now in course of publication in Smith's Weekly Volume, is one of the most agreeable of the kind that we have seen for many a day. Every physician should read it, and every one should not. In sentiment of the quaintest, both of the regular faculty and of pretenders, are amusing.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. The August number of the work is marked by the usual ability of the pen of the editor of the Globe. It may be had of *Burke & Co.* and *T. B. Peterson.*

VERULAMIUM SCRIBEBAT. Parts 6i and 6ii of this beautiful work are ready for purchasers at *Lovejoy & Richardson, and T. B. Peterson.*

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

The Steamer Cambria arrived at Boston last week from Liverpool, which we noticed briefly at the time. She made the shortest passage on record, 11 days and nine hours to Boston. The Oxford, (noticed in ship,) has since arrived with news one day later.

Money in the British metropolis is plentiful, and the rate of discount is low. There is no change in the market and the public securities are in a confirming and healthy state.

The Indian corn cotton was good, with an advance of ¼ pence.

The price of American stocks is looking up. The price has not risen, but one or nominally ¼ per cent per ton at the works. The demand at present is dull and stocks are accumulating.

The American Provision market is in a stagnant state, owing to the reduction of the stocks in the manufacturing districts, and the trade is necessarily but little business doing, and the quotations are rather nominal than otherwise.

The Queen's speech at the opening of the 6th of July, in Ireland, had been attended by riots; in one instance, at Armagh, resulting in the loss of one life and the wounding of several persons.

GENERAL JACKSON.

The following notice was published in London on the 12th July. Reverend:

Legation of the United States.—Information has been received at this office of the decease of General Andrew Jackson, on the 8th ultimo, at his residence in the State of Tennessee. The undersigned is persuaded that his countrymen abroad will fully share the sorrow occasioned by the death of him who was the first citizen who having filled the highest offices in the gift of his country, for a period of time has been called to the Chief Magistracy of the country, has at length closed his illustrious career, full days and full of years.

The undersigned respectfully invites his countrymen in Great Britain to testify, by the badge of mourning usually worn on occasions of the kind, their respect for the memory of the deceased. He requests that the commanders of all American vessels in the ports of the United Kingdom down will hoist their flag at half-mast to-morrow, and that they will fire a gun every half hour on the reception of this notice; and that the usual badge of mourning be worn by the Consular Vice Consuls in the ports of the United States, for the same length of time as at home.

London, July 11th, 1845. EDWARD EVERETT.

There is little news from the Continent except that the establishments of the Jesuits in France are breaking up. So they are in Italy and Rome. Spain continues as full as ever of disturbances.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE.

The most unexcerted item of intelligence is the following—a disgrace to the 19th century, an outrage on humanity, and a blot on the page of human beings capable. We copy the account from a French paper, published at Algiers:

"There have been terrible events. Another one of those terrible events which deeply afflict those who behold them, even when they are accustomed to their frightful necessity, and when they perceive that all that could be done to prevent it has been done to prevent the catastrophe.

It is known that the corps commanded by Col. Pelissier, at Ouled Riah, and the Kabyles who have been carrying on combined operations in the West. The latter was busy in pursuing the Ouled Riahs, who have never yet submitted, as the Kabyles have in numerous caverns, whereto would be madness for the troops to enter. On the 18th of June, these Kabyles, commanded by Bou-zian, the Ouled Riahs flew to their usual places of refuge.

After having surrounded the caverns, some faggots were lighted at the mouth of the largest, the troops before the entrance. After this demonstration, which was made to convince the Arabs that the French had the power, if they pleased, of suffocating them in their hiding places, the colonel sent to them officers offering to them life and liberty if they would surrender their arms and their horses.

At first they refused, but subsequently they replied that they should surrender, and that the troops would withdraw. The condition was communicated to the caverns, and more burning faggots were thrown. A great tumult now arose. And it was not till after which that it arose from a discussion whether there should be a surrender or not. The party opposed to surrender carried their point, and a few of the unarmed made their escape.

Colonel Pelissier, wishing to spare the lives of those who remained in the cavern, sent Some Arabs to exhort them to surrender. They refused, and some women, who did not partake of the savage fanaticism of the majority, attempted to fly, but their husbands and relations fired upon them, to prevent their escape from the sacrifice which they had themselves resolved to suffer. Col. Pelissier then suspended the throwing of the burning faggots, and sent a French officer to hold a parley with the Ouled Riahs, but his messenger was received with a discharge of fire arms, and could not perform his mission.

The state of things continued till the night of the 19th, when being all patience, and no longer having a hope of otherwise subduing the fanatics, who formed a perpetual motion of revolt in the land, the fire was renewed and rendered intense. During this time the cries of the unhappy wretches were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the faggots. This silence spoke volumes. The fire continued to burn for 1200 and 1500 bodies. About 150, who still breathed, were brought out from fresh air, but a portion of them died afterwards."

What may be urged in extenuation of this we cannot divine—but we can imagine no apology or excuse for barbarity so fiend-like.

Disturbances were taking place in the Colony at the Cape of Good Hope in April, between the boers and natives.

American Literature

THE INTELLECTUAL HISTORY, CONDITION, AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER IV.

POLITICS, ECONOMY AND SCIENCE.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer:

The Lessons of experience though for its originality, profoundness and extent, it deserves the consideration of all who would estimate the character and interpretation of events in mankind, I shall dwell upon very briefly.

The political and social systems of European and Asiatic nations had been wrecked near the ages. Here the free spirit was to throw off its fetters, and to develop itself in a form to suit itself. There was to be a new world.

The Israelites of Egypt and the Peers were in their associations as was Moses to those who went with him from Egypt. The influence of no other man of any country was so powerful. They asserted and demonstrated that the natural religious and civil liberty; they were the great reformers of criminal law. The best principles of legislation and jurisprudence, have been quoted with effect in the parliaments of England, France, and other countries, in their contest against the barbarian punishment of Death, the last vestige of superstition, which is so much in the spirit of civilization. Numerous other meliorations of the criminal code of law have been at one proposed, and advocated with an ability which has been or will be triumphant.

The Puritans were the first to establish a free and independent government in the world, except that of the Israelites. Their system was not perfect, but it was the best that the world had ever seen. Its principles were the best that had ever been developed. Its principles were the best that had ever been developed. Its principles were the best that had ever been developed

Selected Poetry.

THE PEASANT KING.

BY G. D. STUART.

There is a man of prouder heart,
And nobler far I ween,
Than sceptered King, or laurel'd chief,
Or warrior in his sheen?
Who would not give to prince or peer all
The splendor of his name,
Though hosts are shouting at his heels,
The heralds of his fame?

See! yonder in his palace high,
His kingdom firm and wide;
His throne the cot, his sword the plough,
His realm the valley side!
His only host, his flocks and herds,
And fields of nodding grain,
The subjects of his royal rule,
The lords of his domain!

He wears no helms, nor iron bands,
Nor pomp of waving plumes,
Nor vassal knee, nor courtier tread;
Nor Indian's soft perfume!
He holds his rein, he drives his steed,
And bares his shining blade,
And herds are thinned and fields are strewn,
But not with ruin laid!

What, ho! in Court and Castle hall,
Where Kings in revel shout,
Are not the words his royal lips,
Right royally ring out!
But on the breeze, the mountain breeze,
That shakes the giant rocks
He flings defiance to the foe,
That threat his fields and flocks!

There is no bribe of wealth or line,
Nor sound of trump or horn,
But he would trample to the dust,
Or hurl them back with scorn!
His only boast, an honest heart,
His freedom, and a rod,
To battle for his kin and home,
His altar, and his God!

Selected Sketch.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

A Tale of Witchcraft.

In a certain New England village, there were two orphans, who, on the death of their parents, depended on the bounty of some distant relatives. The eldest, a girl, was several years older than her brother, a poor sickly boy, who relied solely on his sister for those necessary attentions that seemed often to preserve his life. They had eaten, for many years, the bitter bread of dependence, when the persecuting spirit, in the form of witchcraft delusion, awoke in the land. This young girl, now about eighteen, was distinguished by remarkable maturity of character, and also by a perfection of form and feature, as rare as it was beautiful. It is well known that the victims of this delusion were selected among those who were distinguished by rare gifts of mind or person, and even the most eminent for piety and excellence of character, were most likely to become accused of intercourse with the Author of Evil.

Tradition, said our grandfather, represented Miriam Power as queenly in her person, of the most winning sweetness in countenance and manner, although mingled with sadness and reserve. This sadness was attributed to the early loss of her parents, and to the anxiety and care which had fallen upon her at that early age in the protection of her unfortunate brother. He was afflicted with a fearful malady, epilepsy. It is now well known that although a physical disease, it will yield to mild remedies and moral treatment. She had, in this way, or by the natural ascendancy which a strong mind exercises over a weak one, attained a perfect control of her idiot brother. She had become so accustomed to the care of him, that, although she could not foresee and prevent the paroxysm of the malady, yet, as soon as consciousness began to return, by fixing her eye mildly on his, and taking him in her arms, she could immediately sooth him to quiet and rest.

As usual in such cases, every one was ready with advice, and there were as many remedies offered as there were persons to prescribe; but Miriam had learnt from experience that her own treatment was the best, and refused all herbs, nostrums and charms.

Among the most earnest was an old Indian squaw, who had been the doctress of the village, who entreated Miriam to make use of a woodchuck, *baked alive*, and then reduced to powder, taken in small doses every day. The cruel prescription was rejected with horror, and the poor girl went on in her own way.

Soon after, the accusation for witchcraft began, either excited by those who envied the beauty and talent of Miriam, or urged by anger at the rejection of her advice, this old Indian accused the poor girl of first throwing her brother into fits, and then bringing him out of them by the assistance of the Devil. It is well known how readily people, and even the magistrates, lend an ear to such accusations. All who would not acknowledge a compact with the Evil One felt that they were lost as soon as they were accused.

Poor Miriam knew instantly that her fate was sealed, when, one morning in August, the officer entered her little room where she was sitting by her brother, and said he had come to take her to prison. She turned pale as death, but with that piety which was habitual to her, she entreated for permission to retire, to commend herself and her brother to Heaven. When she returned, she was calm, and asked, with much firmness, who were her accusers, and demanded to be confronted with them. When they tore her from her weeping brother, her fortitude forsook her, and she entreated, with tears, that he might be permitted to go with her to prison. Her prayer was not granted, and the poor idiot knew not the calamity he was suffering.

In cases like these, the cruelty of their proceeding was only exceeded by their rapidity. The next day Miriam was taken from prison, and carried to Salem for examination. These examinations took place in the church, and were conducted with the mockery of a religious solemnity. The meeting was opened with prayer by the clergyman, the accused was then brought in and placed between two men, so that she could touch nothing in her vicinity. No relative or friend was permitted to perform this office, not even husbands when their wives were the accused.

Miriam, on this awful occasion, had not wholly neglected her dress, but her beautiful long hair hung loosely about her neck and shoulders. She was deadly pale, cold drops of agony stood upon her forehead; but there was a light in her dark eye that said whatever might be her fate, she would be true to her principles, and that neither the longing for life in one so young, nor the fear of a cruel death, would wring from her one false word.

The Indian was now placed before her. She was old, bent, withered, and there was a malignant expression in her snake-like eye, which contrasted with the calm innocence of Miriam's, like that of a fiend of darkness opposed to an angel of light. She testified that she had frequently seen the accused throw her brother into fits, and then, with a look or touch, instantly restore him to tranquility. She gave clear and circumstantial evidence of many instances she had witnessed, and called upon others to confirm her testimony.

Miriam felt that there was scarcely a ray of hope, but she lifted her heart to God, the protector of the orphan, and entreated to be heard in her own defence. She gave a clear and lucid relation of her brother's illness, which had afflicted him from his birth. She told them that her mother had bequeathed him to her care, on her death-bed, and she gave a touching account of all her long watchings, her anxious days and nights, the various remedies she had used, from time to time, till at last she had found out the soothing moral influence, by which she could alone mitigate his sufferings.

Her youth, her beauty, her humility, the tone of her voice, moved the crowd to pity. Mercy seemed hovering over the hearts of her judges; when it was suggested by one of them to bring the boy and place him before her power. Her safety now depended on an accident. If he should chance to bear the experiment tranquilly, and no convulsion ensue, the evidence of the Indian would scarcely be sufficient to condemn her.

When they went for the boy, they found he had been weeping ever since his sister had been taken away, but he had not intelligence enough to comprehend the nature of the case, or to know how much depended on his tranquility. When informed that he was about to be taken to his sister, he expressed the utmost joy and eagerness to proceed. Miriam heard him coming, and trembled so excessively, that one of the men was obliged to support her with his arm from falling to the ground.

The poor boy expected to see his sister as he had always seen her, calm, firm, and smiling gently on him. When he was brought into the crowded meeting house, and saw the stern and solemn appearance of the magistrates, his beloved guardian pale as death, a prisoner between two savage men, he was seized with the utmost intense terror, uttered a piercing shriek and fell down in strong convulsions at her feet.

Although her life depended on it, Miriam could resist no longer. She struggled violently, drew her arms with a powerful effort from the men who held her, and threw herself by the side of her agonized brother. She raised him in her arms, wiped the froth from his mouth and pressed him closely to her bosom. He opened his eyes, saw the mild, the beloved, the well known countenance fixed tenderly upon him, he instantly became calm, nestled like an infant on her breast, and soon fell asleep.

The iron-hearted judges, unmoved by a scene that brought tears to many eyes, cried out, "We need no further proof that the agency of the Evil One is among us. The most winning forms are often chosen for his agents. Unless she will acknowledge his aid, take her away, and give her over to his power."

Miriam fell upon her knees, and in the presence of the crowd abjured all aid, compact, or intercourse with any spirit of evil. She acknowledged but One, the Father of all spirits, and to him she committed the cause of the orphan and the innocent. Her brother clung to her, and she refused again to be separated from him. They were left together in the prison. The poor boy, whose life she had so often saved, was unconscious that he had now been the means of condemning his guardian to death.

Are you interested enough in my heroine to wish to know her fate? She had prepared herself, by faith and prayer, for the cruel death which she knew awaited her. But there were in the crowd, at her trial, hearts made of softer materials than those of her inexorable judges. When they found that no entreaties could prevail on her to save her life by telling falsehood, they determined, by some means or other to work out her deliverance.

One morning her prison was found empty; no inquiries were instituted, and no pursuit was made. It was afterwards found that she had fled to Boston, where, with her own industry, she supported herself and her unfortunate brother.

I have often wished that I could have known her future destiny in life. Her remarkable beauty and heroic conduct could not have remained unknown. An American Scott would find many a Jeanie Deans among the daughters of the Pilgrims.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where are they—the companions of our games,
With whom in youth we gamboled on the sod;
The gray-haired fathers and the gentle dames,
Whose hospitable thresholds erst we trod;
The beauteous forms that taught our hearts to love,
And woke our hopes and fears with magic spell;
The cheerful friends with whom we went to rove,
Whose tales around the hearth we loved so well—
Where are they?

Where are they—the gay train of laughing hours,
Youth's longed for morrows and glad yesterdays,
That joyous season of hope's budding flowers,
That fairy portal to life's thorny maze;
The pregnant sunny seed-months of life's year,
The calm bright moments of its April sky,
Ere stormy passion and beclouding care
Had vexed and marred its blue serenity—
Where are they?

Where are they—the fond dreams of buoyant youth,
Trusting to-morrow, scornful of to-day,
As yet undoubting the fair syren's truth,
Slumbering in hope's soft lap entranced we lay;
Where are the glowing visions that arose
Before our eyes like purpling clouds of eve,
Of beauty, fortune, honor, and repose,
And all the witcheries hope alone can weave—
Where are they?

Where are they—the resolves of life's young morn,
The resolutions firm to be and do,
When, weakness, difficulty laughed to scorn,
Sage plans for future years we fondly drew;
The deep devotedness to love and truth,
The manly purpose and the sacred vow,
That clustered, big with promise, in our youth,
Like opening spring buds, blushing on the bough—
Where are they?

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE "WISHES TO KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE OR NOT, THIS SUMMER—THAT'S ALL."

"Hot? Yes it is hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Candle. I've been waiting quietly—have never spoken: yet not a word have you said of the sea-side yet. Not that I care for it myself—oh, no; my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, I was going to say—but I won't—that the sooner, perhaps, I'm out of this world, the better. Oh, yes: *I dare say you think so*—of course you do, else you wouldn't lie there saying nothing. You're enough to aggravate a saint, Candle; but you shan't vex me. No, I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

"But all I want to ask you is this: do you intend to go to the sea-side this summer? *Yes, you'll go to Gravesend!* Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt cellar in the New River, and call that the sea-side. What! *It's handy for business?* There you are again! I can never speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you fling business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Candle—not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.

"You know that Matilda wants sea bathing; you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and yet—I know you, Candle—you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. What do you say? *Margate's so expensive?* Not at all. I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end, for if we don't go, we shall all be ill—every one of us—in the winter. Not that my health is of any consequence: I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never eat at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.

"What do you say! *How much will it cost?* There you are, Mr. Candle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwall or to Greenwich, you never ask, how much will it cost! What! *You never go to Blackwall?* Ha! I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, you can give a guinea a plate for white-bait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman; and I know very well what I'm talking about—nobody better. A guinea for white-bait, for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh? *You don't grudge 'em anything?* Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. *What will it cost?* It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now No; we'll stay at home. We shall all be ill in the winter—every one of us, all but you; and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall all be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better—much better—to pay for nasty physic than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Don't call me 'woman,' and ask 'what it will cost.' I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt, I wouldn't go now—certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, then you'll be pleased.

"That's right. Mr. Candle, go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and you, like any stone, turn round and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult! *How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh!* I suppose you mean to call me the splinter!—and after the wife I've been to you! But no, Mr. Candle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no; I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. What! *Don't?* Ha! that's your ingratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart.

"Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! if I'd only married Simmons—What! *Why didn't I?* Yes, that's all the thanks I get. *Who's Simmons?* Oh, you know very well who Simmons is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think. He *was* a gentleman. *You can't tell?* May be not; but I can. With such weather as this, to stay melting in London! and when the painters are coming in! *You won't have the painter's in?* But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July, with a family in the house! We shall all be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?

"*Why can't I tell you what it will cost?* How can I or any woman tell exactly what it will cost? Of course lodgings—and at Margate, too—are a little dearer than living in your own house. *Pooh! You know that!* Well, if you did, Mr. Candle, I suppose there's no treason in naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two month's, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Candle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No: and it isn't true that I no sooner get out than I want to get home again. To be sure, I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to walk about the beach by myself, to be stared at through all sorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

"*What will I do at Margate!* Why isn't there bathing, and picking up shells; and arn't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel—whatever it is, to read—for the only place where I really relish a book is at the sea-side. No, it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Candle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the day-time, I think. But as I was saying—only you always will interrupt me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the sea-side—specially when the tide's down—I feel so happy; quite as if I could cry.

"When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? *What will it cost!* Oh, there—don't talk of it. No: we won't go. I shall send for the painters, to-morrow. What? *I can go and take the children, and you'll stay?* No, sir: you go with me, or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with her chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

"*What will it cost?* What a man you are!—Why, Candle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No; I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty: it's seventy pounds, and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Candle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? What do you say—*You'll see?* There's a dear. Then, Monday."

"Anything for a chance of peace," writes Caudle. "I consented to the trip, for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

MRS. CAUDLE DWELLS ON CAUDLE'S "CRUEL NEGLECT" OF HER ON BOARD THE "RED ROVER." MRS. CAUDLE SO "ILL WITH THE SEA," THAT THEY PUT UP AT THE DOLPHIN, HERNE BAY.

"Candle, have you looked under the bed? *For what?* Bless the man! Why, for thieves, to be sure. Do you suppose I'd sleep in a strange bed without? Don't tell me it's nonsense! I should'nt sleep a wink all night. Not that you'd care for that; not that you'd—hush! I'm sure I hear somebody. No; it's not a bit like a mouse. Yes; that's like you; laugh! It would be no laughing matter if—I'm sure there is somebody!—I'm sure there is!

"——— Yes, Mr. Candle; now I *am* satisfied. Any other man would have got up and looked for himself; especially after my sufferings on board that nasty ship. But catch you stirring! Oh, no! You'd let me lie here and be robbed and killed, for what you'd care. Why you're not going to sleep! What do you say? *It's the strange air—and you're always sleepy in a strange air?* That shows the feelings you have, after what I've gone through. And yawning, too, in that brutal manner! Caudle, you've no more heart than that wooden figure in a white petticoat at the front of the ship.

"No; I *couldn't* leave my temper at home. I dare say! Because for once in your life you've brought me out—yes, I say once, or two or three times, it isn't more; because, as I say, you once bring me out, I'm to be a slave and say nothing. Pleasure, indeed! A great deal of pleasure I'm to have, if I'm to hold my tongue. A nice way that of pleasing a woman!

"Dear me! if the bed doesn't spin round and dance about! I've got all that filthy ship in my head! No; I shan't be well in the morning. But nothing ever ails any body but yourself. You needn't groan in that way, Mr. Candle, disturbing the people, perhaps, in the next room. It's a mercy I'm alive, I'm sure. If once I wouldn't have given all the world for any body to have thrown me overboard! What are you smacking your lips at, Mr. Candle? But I know what you mean—of course, you'd have stirred to stop 'em; not you. And then you might have known that the wind would have blown to-day; but that's why you came.

"Whatever I should have done if it hadn't been for that good soul—that blessed Captain Large! I'm sure all the women who go to Margate ought to pray for him; so attentive in sea-sickness, and so much of a gentleman! How I should have got down stairs without him when I first began to turn, I don't know. Don't tell me I never complained to you—you might have seen I was ill. And when every body was looking like a bad wax candle, you could walk about, and make what you call your jokes upon the little buoy that was never sick at the Nore, and such unfeeling trash.

"Yes, Candle; we've now been married many years, but if we were to live together for a thousand years to come—what are you clasping your hands at?—a thousand years to come I say, I shall never forget your conduct this day. You could go to the other end of the ship and smoke a cigar, when you knew I should be ill—oh, you knew it; for I always am. The brutal way, too, in which you took that cold brandy-and-water—you thought I didn't see you; but ill as I was, hardly able to hold my head up, I was watching you all the time. Three glasses of cold brandy-and-water; and you sipped 'em, and drank the health of people you didn't care a pin about; whilst the health of your own lawful wife was nothing. Three glasses of brandy-and-water, and *I left*—as I may say—alone! You didn't hear 'em, but every body was crying shame on you.

"What do you say? *A good deal my own fault? I ate too much dinner?* Well, you are a man! If I took more than the breast and the leg of that young goose—a thing, I may say, just out of the shell—with the slightest bit of stuffing, I'm a wicked woman. What do you say? *Lobster salad?* La! how can you speak of it? A month old baby would have eaten more. What? *Gooseberry pie?* Well, if you will name that, you will name anything. Ate too much, indeed! Do you think I was going to pay for a dinner and eat nothing? No, Mr. Candle; it's a good thing for you that I know a little more of the value of money than that comes to.

"But, of course, you were better engaged than attending to me. Mr. Prettyman came on board at Gravesend. A planned thing, of course. You think I didn't see him give you a letter. *It wasn't a letter; it was a newspaper?* I dare say; ill as I was, I had my eyes. It was the smallest newspaper I ever saw, that's all. But, of course, a letter from Miss Prettyman———Now, Candle, if you begin to cry out in that manner, I'll get up. Do you forget that you're not at your own house? making that noise! Disturbing everybody! Why we shall have the landlord up! And you could smoke and drink "forward," as you called it. What? *You couldn't smoke anywhere else!* That's nothing to do with it. Yes, forward. What a pity that Miss Prettyman wasn't with you. I'm sure nothing could be too forward for her. No, I won't hold my tongue; and I ought not to be ashamed of myself. It isn't treason, is it, to speak of Miss Prettyman? After all I've suffered to-day, and I'm not to open my lips! Yes; I'm to be brought away from my own home, dragged down here to the sea-side, and made ill; and I'm not to be allowed to speak. I should like to know what next.

"It's a mercy that some of the dear children were not drowned; not that their father would have cared, so long as he could have had his brandy and cigars. Peter was as near through one of the holes as—*It's no such thing?* It's very well for you to say so, but you know what an inquisitive boy he is, and how he likes to wander among steam engines. No, I won't let you sleep. What a man you are! What? *I've said that before?* That's no matter; I'll say it again. Go to sleep, indeed! as if one could not have a little rational conversation. No, I shan't be too late for the Margate boat in the morning; I can wake up at what hour I like, and you ought to know that by this time.

"A miserable creature they must have thought me in the ladies' cabin, with nobody coming down to see how I was. *You came a dozen times?* No, Candle, that won't do. I know better. You never came at all. Oh, no! cigars and brandy took all your attention. And when I was so ill that I didn't know a single thing that was going on about me, and you never came. Every other woman's husband was there—ha! twenty times. And what must have been my feelings to hear 'em tapping at the door, and making all sorts of kind inquiries—something like husbands!—and I was left to be ill alone? Yes, and you want to get me into an argument. You want to know, if I was so ill that I knew nothing, how could I know that you didn't come to the cabin door? That's just like your aggravating way; but I'm not to be caught in that manner, Caudle. No."

"It is very possible," writes Candle, "that she talked two hours more: but, happily, the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed—and, soothed by the sweet lullaby (to say nothing of the Dolphin's brandy-and-water,) I somehow fell asleep."

Our Scrap Book.

RUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY J. G. BRAINARD.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn, they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was bless'd,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow softly to their meeting;
And join their course in silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course, through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
'Till life's last pulse shall beat,
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Flow on in joy to meet
A purer sky, where troubles cease,
A calmer sea, where all is peace.

HOW THEY GET SUBSCRIBERS OUT WEST.

We have heard of all sorts of "contrivances for obtaining subscribers for newspapers, but a friend of ours gives us the following anecdote, as a matter of fact, which we consider a novel way of increasing a subscription list, at all events!

A new daily paper was started, some years ago, in a city not a thousand miles from D——t. The proprietors found it "hard sledding" at first, and were obliged to resort to the custom in those "diggins"—of employing an agent to prowl round among the Hoosiers and Wolverines, to collect names, and obtain the *tin*. The agent was known as the "stout, bullying cuss" of the ——— Gazette—and his chief recommendations were first rate qualifications for drinking, and much better for fighting.

John entered a bar-room one day, where he met a brawny looking fellow demolishing a "brandy smasher," whom he immediately joined at the bar.

"I'll take mine *hot*," says John.

The liquor was swallowed, and the stranger paid the bill.

"Subscribe to the ——— Gazette, sir?"

"*No*," bawled the other.

"No," inquired John, "why not?"

"Oh, d——n your Gazette."

"Will you be kind enough to say that again, friend?" coolly replied John.

"Say it? yes; d——n your Gazette."

"Will you subscribe for the Gazette?"

"*Me?* Not by a ——— sight. It is the meanest print in town."

"It's what?"

"Yes"—continued the stranger, and the next minute he was sprawling on the shop-floor, John coming down on top. John gave him another "feeler," and then asked him if he would subscribe for the ——— Gazette!

"No, I won't"—

Whack, whack came the blows, thicker and faster, John insisting that the poor devil should "subscribe," as a condition of getting up again, alive. The sufferer finally gave in.

"Let me up, I say."

"Will you subscribe?"

"Yes."

"And pay in advance?"

"Yes."

John let him up—took his five dollars, wrote a receipt and coolly walked out of the shop, with—"*I guess, friend, you'll like the ——— Gazette.*"

SONG.

When Jack was on the giddy mast,
And lightnings flash'd adown the shrouds,
When every moment seemed the last,
And death frown'd threatening from the clouds;
He cast a wistful eye around,
While thinking on his native valley,
And 'mid the pealing thunder sounds,
His voice was heard, farewell my Sally.

When war's red pennon wav'd on high,
Appeared the signal for attack,
New courage beamed in every eye,
And not a soul more brave than Jack;
One prayer alone to heaven he sighed,
While thinking on his native valley,
I care not for my fate he cried,
But if I fall, oh! bless my Sally.

His guardian angel heard the prayer,
And wept that it was breath'd too late,
For, at that moment, from afar,
Flew the shrill whistling ball of fate.
Jack wounded fell, but fainting cried,
Adieu, my dear, my native valley,
And as life's current ebbed, he sighed
Farewell forever, lovely Sally.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

THEIR USE, ABUSE, AND BETTER DEVELOPMENT.

We cannot help thinking that the Dissolving Views, as represented on the stage, have been confined hitherto, like one of Dr. Arnott's stoves, to a very narrow range. They have always been restricted to the misty representation of churches, ruins, Napoleon's Tomb, the Thames Tunnel, and dark interiors taken from Annuals and tea-trays; one object generally fades into another, with which it has no more connection than the novel of *Jack Sheppard* has with the life of the original burglar; and liberties are taken with time, geography and the probabilities, only worthy of a tragedy in the most rampant days of the Syncretic drama. Thus, Netley Abbey melts, in nine Dissolving Views out of ten, into the Canal of Venice, and St. Paul's is lost in the Dungeon of Chillon, the Prisoner of which is buried the next minute under the Great Pyramid of Egypt. How unmeaning are these changes to those of real life, where the Dissolving Views are just as rapid, but succeed one another so naturally, and with such beautiful gradation, that we wonder our Dissolving Stanfields, instead of scouring the five quarters of the globe for subjects, do not take up those of home manufacture!

For instance: Mr. Jeff's shop for French pieces, in the Burlington Arcade, might, without any compromise of truth or nature, be changed into the Dramatic Authors' Society;—this into one of our national theatres;—and this again into the Insolvent Debtors' Court. This, in fact, would be a perfect epic poem, containing its three great requisites, a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Another set of Dissolving Views might be made out of the Insurance Swindling system. Scene the first, a garret; the second, the West Diddlesex Insurance Office, beautifully fitted up, with Corinthian pillars, mahogany doors, glass handles and revolving gas-lights; the third scene, a handsome house in Grosvenor Square, with a cab and fashionable horse, with a tiger the size of Tom Thumb; the fourth, the Mansion House and Sir Peter Laurie; the fifth, the Bankruptcy Court; and the last scene of all, the treadmill, or the Queen's Bench. The same figure—the Montague Tigg, of the pictorial parable—would be the hero, of course, of every scene. In the beginning, as a beggar; towards the middle, at the height of his jewellery and prosperity; and at the last, as the convicted felon in his rage and shame.

What scenes, too, might be taken from *pseudo*-fashionable life! The mother and the daughters to be shown in the kitchen, dredged all over with flour, their whole souls intent on whipping syllabubs, and hammering out clods of paste to their greatest transparency for the supper tarts. This scene of low life below stairs to change immediately to one of high life above stairs—a ball-room, brilliantly lighted up, with the same mother and daughters smothered in satin, diamonds and feathers. The next scene to be the supper-room, the Camphines just expiring, and the same characters in curl-papers and flannel dressing-gowns, collecting salvage from the wreck of the supper and locking it up in the side board.

The man about town, also, would furnish a capital subject for a Dissolving View. The first scene to be his garret, in which he is shown cleaning his boots, his "dickey" hanging up to dry, and a herring turning solemnly before the fire; and the second, to be the Park, where he is dressed to death, covered with frogs and mustachios, lounging with an air as if he had the fee-simple of the whole world, and a reversionary interest in the Solar System.

Successive scenes of the pot-house—the pawnbroker's—the Old Bailey—and the convict-ship sailing for Botany Bay,—would illustrate a temperance moral, and tell as forcibly as a poem by Father Mathew, what was the last Dissolving View of drunkenness.

These hints, we think, are sufficient. Amusement, we maintain, is the only style of tutoring, in which people do not tire of being lectured; and our plan admits of the eye being tickled whilst the mind is improved. It can be extended to every abuse,—applied to every shallow scheme, railway, scientific, or philanthropic, of the day,—and levelled against every quackery in the political or social world; and the beauty of the plan is, that gorgeous entertainment is given with sound instruction in the exposure of each. Ha! the heart-aches we should have been spared—the fortunes we should have saved, if, in our younger days, we could only have looked into a prophetic mirror, like the one we now propose, and have learnt before rushing into some new Utopian folly, or plunging headlong into a railway of half-a-crown shares, from El Dorado to the Exeter Change Arcade, what would have been their Dissolving Views!

COUNT THE COST.—"I respect the man," says Goethe, "who knows distinctly what he wishes." The greater part of all mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut. Is not this an exact description of most men's strivings? Every man undertakes to build his tower, and no one counts the cost. In all things the times are marked by want of steady aim and patient industry. There is scheming and plotting in abundance, but no considerable, persevering effort. The young man branches into life with no definite course in view. If he goes into trade he has perhaps a general desire to be rich, but he has at the same time a equally strong desire for present gratification and luxurious living. He is unwilling to pay the price of his ambition. He endeavors to secure the present, and let go the future. He turns seed time into harvest, eats the corn which he ought to plant. If he goes into professional life, he sets out with a general desire to be eminent, but without considering in what particular he wishes to excel, and what is the price of that excellence. So he divides his time and talents among a great variety of pursuits, endeavoring to be all things, he becomes superficial in proportion as he is universal, and having acquired brief reputation, as worthless as it is short lived, sinks down into hopeless insignificance.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—It is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently!—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Political Portraits.

MACAULAY AND PEEL.

FROM THE BOSTON ATLAS.

That is Macaulay who has just risen. He is of about the middle height, his face is rather of the "rotund formation, and one would not think, on looking at the forehead, which is low, that behind its barrier of bone was so busy a brain. His eyes are small, quick and vivacious, and a faint smile plays about the corners of the mouth. Altogether, it might be called a good humored, rather than an intellectual looking countenance. Macaulay's figure is a trifle awkward, and his action is by no means graceful—but just watch him as he proceeds with his speech, and you will soon lose all perception of the man. Your closest attention will be demanded to, and be rivetted by his matter.

Some member of the House—one of the illustrious obscures—has been theorizing away for the last half hour, and now Macaulay is about to demolish his Aladdin's palace-like structure, with a few balls from his practical battery. See—he catches the speaker's eye, and listen as he commences his address in a low tone of voice—pausing between each sentence, as if to reconsider what he had said, or well weigh what he is about to advance. Slowly he goes on at first, like a practised swimmer, who wades carefully over unseen rocks, and looking somewhat awkward as he picks his way—but he is soon in deep water and away he dashes fearlessly flinging around him the glittering spray, and rejoicing in his strength.

Macaulay is now fairly released from the shallowness of introductory matter, and away he goes, far and fast. As he proceeds, his voice increases in volume and force—his right arm is in incessant motion—his eye kindles, and from his eloquent lips brilliant ideas chase each other in rapid succession, until the House is wrapt in the closest attention. But Macaulay's speeches consist not of ideas only—he grapples with no shadows. Truth is his weapon—honesty is his armor, and facts are the weapons with which he fights. Woe be unto the unlucky weight, who, for the sake of display, has gone forth to the wordy combat, clad in the gew-gaw panoply of sophism. For him, and for such as he, Macaulay has no mercy. He proceeds to the attack on such an adversary, smiling in undissembled scorn, as he raises the point of his glittering lance—and almost ere we can sufficiently admire the temper and polish of the weapon, his victim is unhorsed, a "spectacle to gods and men." Champion after champion he disposes of in like manner; and when the lists are cleared, and not another foe presents himself, he stands alone in his glory—a sturdy and victorious champion of the truth. When Macaulay resumes his seat, a dead silence for a few minutes ensues, and then a burst of applause, such as only sterling eloquence can command, is heard;—before it ceases some nobody chirps out, "Mr. Speaker," and in a twinkling the benches are half cleared,—the library is filled with loungers;—the lobbies are crowded, and sleepy country members repair to the side galleries, there to finish their slumbers, and indulge in dreams of places and pensions.

It has been said, and with much truth, that Mr. Macaulay's speeches are his spoken essays. To give, therefore, a correct idea of them, I cannot do better than quote from an article on Macaulay, which appeared some three years since in the Boston Miscellany, from the pen of Mr. Whipple. It is not too much to say that the brilliant paper in question is worthy of its eminent and eloquent subject,—for as an ably written critical essay on the writings and genius of Macaulay, it is unequalled in this country, or in England. Mr. Whipple says:—"With all fondness for speculative truth, with all his deep sense and detestation of injustice and corruption, and all his fine perception of the harmonious and true, in literature and laws, there is hardly any statesman more thoroughly practical that Macaulay. He can sympatise with the great works of imagination, and his rhetoric revels in their praise and illustration; but he sympathises with them merely as works of imagination, and he carries but few of his idealities into his view of actual life and established government. He tolerates no writer whose sensibility and imagination are predominant in discussing questions of national policy, of finance, manufactures, commerce, or laws. He allows the introduction of no Utopias in the living, breathing, sinning world of fact. No mercy is shown to those who treat government as a fine art, and 'judge of it as they would of a statue or picture:' and the mental constitution of political philosophers, who erect theories out of materials furnished from other sources than reason and observation, is analyzed with unrivalled dexterity and discrimination. All rant about the rights of man, all whining and whimpering about the clashing interests of body and soul, are treated with haughty scorn, or made the butt of contemptuous ridicule. Society is viewed as it is, and principles adapted to the existing state of things. No man is denounced for acting and thinking in the sixteenth century, what the sixteenth century acted and thought; or attacked because he did accommodate his conduct to the principles of the nineteenth. To the discussion of all practical questions he brings a practical logic, and an experience grounded on observation of the actual world. He would belong to that party which is just enough in advance of the age to be useful to it. But if he has little respect for impracticable theories of freedom, neither will he hold any terms with theoretical advocates or apologists of oppression. After scattering all arguments for a political institution, he often opposes its demolition, from expediency. He never allows to majesty of reason to be insulted with the thin sophisms used in palliation or defence of political and social abuses; but he is too little of an idealist in politics to suppose that, because those abuses are unfounded in reason, that they are necessarily and altogether pernicious, and should be immediately overthrown. His enthusiasm and imagination march in the train of his understanding, and never lead where they should follow."

As an Edinburg Reviewer, Macaulay is as well—nay, from the cheapness of the reprinted edition of his works here, I may say better known in America than in England. In his own peculiar line he is without a rival. But I must leave him and beg the reader's attention whilst I direct it towards another member of the "body politic."

There is, seated on the ministerial side of the House, a gentleman of a remarkably bland and open countenance. He is tall and well proportioned, but rather inclining to corpulency. To look at him, one would imagine that nothing could ruffle the placidity of his countenance. His air and bearing is that of a perfect gentleman, and he is dressed with scrupulous care—even nicety. A snow white cambric neckcloth and collar surmounts a white waistcoat and blue frock coat; and nether garments of the same color, neatly strapped over nattily made shoes, complete his costume. Not a muscle of his face moves as he hears the government attacked or commended—the fiercest ebulition or party wrath, and the most violent invective, are alike unheeded; the same bland smile—the same courteous demeanor is exhibited. Sir Robert Peel never exhibits himself—his mind is busily working, but not a wheel of the machinery is seen. He rises, the very personification of candor—the incarnation of courtesy—he speaks, and his persuasive, plausible tones allure your attention and almost win your confidence—and you admire the color of the fish which you think you have caught—but while gazing, it slips through your fingers—you have *not* made anything out of Sir Robert.

Just observe him for a few moments, as he stands with one of his hands under the tail of his coat, and the other playing with the glass which hangs by a riban from his neck—some member of the opposition has put a few plain questions to him—questions to which plain answers have been requested. The Premier is surely going to give candid replies—his face looks as innocent as that of a lamb. Those who see him for the first time fling at once to the winds all their preconceived notions of Sir Robert's cunning. The House is silent, anxious and expectant. O'Connell looks up from under his broad brimmed hat, with an incredulous sneer on his countenance; some of the ex-Ministers wink knowingly at each other; the green ones of the House, and the greenest of them all, who ventured to puzzle Peel, sit with gaping mouths and open ears. At last, a soft voice issues from those wreathed lips—soft, yet perfectly distinct, and very harmonious. As he proceeds, the manufacturers, whose stern faces are made up for a burst of disapprobation, begin to relax the rigidity of their features, as the importance of their interests is adverted to. Then the agriculturalists, whose visages had been growing lengthy, are tickled by the knowing hand of the Minister, like so many trout, and they are smilingly taken in the snare. Cheer after cheer bursts forth, and Sir Robert's face is radiant with smiles. No decided answer has been given, but promises have been made; the very soul of candor seems to have possessed the Premier, who now becomes earnest and eloquent—he finds a way to the hearts of his hearers; which way, like the road to a certain place which shall be nameless, is paved with good intentions. He at last sits down amidst "cheers from all parts of the House." Not a question replied to—not an explicit statement made—not a person satisfied—but all, saving a few knowing ones, cleverly humbugged. No—Sir Robert Peel is not to be caught; you may as well try to fix a shadow. Nay, the pinning of the Premier would be the least difficult to accomplish of the two.

TAILOR'S LATIN.

We all owe much to our tailor in one sense; many of us in more senses than one. How shall society repay its tailor? At least, by elevating him in the social scale. Let his art rank henceforth among the liberal professions. Why prefer the individual who gilds a pill to him who clothes a man? Educate the tailor, not to that limited extent which would simply give him the school-boy knowledg of what is Latin for goose, but so as to place him on a level with the apothecary. Tailors' Latin, we doubt not, would be as good as doctors' Latin. Let gentlemen prescribe their clothes instead of ordering them. As—

R. Super-Saxoniæ Opt:
Valenciæ Qualitate Præstant:
Alberti Mist: a a qunt: suff.
Fiant tunica, subucula, bracceque laxæ, hora prandii gerend:

Part of a preliminary examination at Merchant Tailors' Hall might consist in causing the student to translate such prescriptions, as, for instance, the above, thus:—

Take, of Best Super-Saxony,
of Fine Valencia,
of Albert Mixture, each, a sufficient quantity.
Let a coat, a waistcoat, and trousers be made, to be worn at dinner-time.

But while we would exalt the tailor, would we allow the milliner to remain where she is? Certainly not. For an artist who is to execute classic drapery, what can be better than classical instruction? The father, the husband, the brother, may prescribe ladies' dresses; whereby economy will be consulted as well as elegance. As thus:—

R. Serici Cœrulei Virgas vjij
Tæniarum Coccin: Virg: v.
Ut fiat vestis, secundum artem, rosis elegantèr ornata, qua se vesperibus adolescentula induat.

That is to say, young ladies—

Take, of Blue Silk, eight yards,
of Crimson Ribbons, five yards.
So that a dress may be made, according to art, elegantly trimmed with roses, which let the damsel put on of evenings.

And let us say, in conclusion, that a physician would often find this prescription most serviceable in cases of low spirits and ill-humor; very many of which we will lay a heavy wager that it will relieve.—*Punch.*

Choice Selections.

POTATO BLIGHT.

Knowing that you feel a deep interest in the welfare of the farmer, I send you a few observations on the disease of Potatoes, so prevalent last year, which I think I have discovered, and perhaps a remedy.

This morning for the first time, I observed a few tops of the Potatoes in my garden beginning to wither and curl up. Supposing that the cause might be near at hand I commenced a critical examination of several withered tops, to discover it if possible. I soon found a green fly about one-fourth of an inch in length, upon every top that had begun to wither, and on most of them two: some had four, a few six. On one top I found four young flies about one half the size of the adult, and three others, one each, about one fourth grown.

The insect, I thought, must be the cause of the disease, commonly called the Curl-Top or Potato Rot, since I found it on every diseased top in 30 or 40 cases, and usually on that part of the plant which had began to wither near the healthy part of the stem. On the stem of one where the fly was, there was a small globule of viscid transparent liquid. This stem had began to droop, but only so that it would scarcely be observed. Another globule on the upper side of a curled leaf, on which a fly was sitting, was found to be sweet. Many of the leaves that were much wilted felt as if a glutinous liquid had been spread upon the upper surface. These questions, then naturally arose: Does this liquid exude from the plant and attract the fly which is innocently sipping its nectar? or does he perforate the stem and cause the exudation, that like a milicious parasite he may extract the life from this useful root? It appears to me that the insect must be the cause of the exudation, for this reason, that it was found on no plant that did not have a fly upon it.

In almost every case two flies were found upon the same plant, differing a little in size and color, the less being of a darker green, and the larger containing many eggs, which it appeared to be depositing. Only one egg was found in the stem of the plant; yet there were many places apparently stung upon the diseased stem, and the effect of this reached down in some cases three or four inches in the heart of the stem; otherwise were hollowed down as far as the healthy part.

From the above observations these conclusions appear to be evident, that the sting of this fly causes the curl-top—that it breeds upon the stem, and the numerous progeny live upon the plant, sucking up its juices and destroying its vitality. As a *remedy* I amputated the diseased part and destroyed all the flies I could. About ten o'clock I sprinkled soap suds upon one small patch, and none were found upon it at night, though many were found upon another piece that was not showered. An hour before sun-set I sprinkled the suds left from washing upon the whole.

The flies can perhaps be driven out of the field with a brush where it is not convenient to shower them. Yours, &c. E. B.

POMPEY, N. Y., July 14, 1845.

P. S. Tuesday morning another examination was made, and only one fly was to be found on the piece.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HOW TO RAISE TURKEYS.

We believe it is common among farmers to say that a turkey's head costs twice as much as its body is worth when fattened.—This we do not believe to be true, if he is properly managed; but on the contrary, we believe that nothing can be raised and turned to so great a profit. But turkeys must have care, especially when young; but this care will not entrench on the business of the farmer, as it may be done by females or the younger branches of the family—and beside, the little damage they may do to grass, or other things, must not be magnified ten-fold, as is usually the case. But by proper attention they will do no damage at all.

Before giving our rules to be observed in raising turkeys, let us draw a comparison.—There are but few farmers but can raise 100 turkeys,—these 100 turkeys will weigh, when fattened, in December, upon an average, seven and a half pounds each, full dressed. We say *full dressed*, for it is the practice in some places to divest the turkey of nothing but its head and feathers, and then take it to market. A practice as uncivilized as it is disgusting. These hundred turkeys then will weigh 750 pounds, which in market are equal to 1,500 lbs. of pork. But if the male turkeys are kept until February or March, they will not only increase in weight, twice the amount of their feed, but the price in market will be much higher.

We will now give the rules to be observed in raising and fattening them founded wholly on our experience. Turkeys intended for breeders, must be kept well during the winter. If put in good condition, however, in December, it takes but little feed to keep them so. Their nests for laying must be make with hay or oat straw under cover, and be well protected from the weather, and from vermin. When incubation commences, the turkey must not be disturbed, and if she does not come from her nest for food and water, she must have both placed by her on her nest. When the young turkeys are hatched, they may be allowed to remain one day on the nest, or if removed, let them be sheltered in a warm place, and plenty of straw for them to set upon, for they are now extremely liable to take cold. The second day feed them with curds, or warm clabbered milk, mixed with a little Indian or barley meal. They must be kept up and fed in this way for two or three days, and longer if the weather should be cold or rainy, but as soon as a warm and pleasant day comes, let them out at nine or ten o'clock, and shut them up at four—and this practice of letting them out and shutting up *must* be followed for five or six weeks, and on no account let them get wet. When a young turkey begins to droop there is but little hope for it. There is no danger of keeping them too warm.—When they are five or six weeks old put a little grease on their heads to preserve them from lice.

At the age of six or eight weeks the turkey is more hardy, but still should not be exposed to rains or the damp nights, for a few weeks longer. If the farmer has a plot of grass let him enclose a yard with a high fence, and crop the wings of the old turkeys, and continue to feed them with clabbered milk, and whatever else he pleases that comes from the kitchen, such as broken bread, potatoes, and the like. If he has a clover field, as soon as it is mown, let them run on it, and they will live on young clover. And as soon as the crops are off the ground, say in August or September, let them range on the farm; but see to it, that they come to their roosting place at night, and have water.

In December the turkeys will be large enough to fatten, and for this purpose select as many as you please, and shut them up,—next take to the mill a few bushels of *ears* of Indian corn, and have it ground—then boil potatoes, and mix the meal with the scalding water and potatoes in a tub, say in the proportion of one bushel potatoes to one peck or more of meal, and stir them well together, then let it cool, but give it to the turkeys as warm as they will bear it, and as much as they will eat, and in two weeks and a half, they will be fat enough for market, and for an alderman's dinner.

We do not take this from books, but from several years' experience. We kept an exact account of the expense of raising and fattening a flock, and at the rate of ten cents a pound full dressed—we received $72, while our cost, exclusive of sour milk, was less than $10. If any farmer does not wish to be at the *special* trouble of raising them, but should have a small flock to fatten that have lived "in spite of wind and weather," let him adopt our rules of fattening, and he will "save much corn." On a large farm, and with a large yard and a butter dairy, with proper attention we believe it may be made a leading business to great profit.—*New Jersey Journal.*

THE WOOL TRADE.

Few persons are aware of the great increase in the Wool Trade, under the protection of the present Tariff.

The product of wool in the United States in 1840, as shown by the census, was 36,802,112 pounds.

The clip for the present year is estimated by good judges at 82,295,384 lbs., being more than double, or an increase of almost forty-five and a half millions of pounds, since 1840. Notwithstanding this enormous increase, the consumption of the article is fully equal to the production. But this is not all, for prices have greatly advanced, and the farmers can always receive in cash, a fair remunerating price for their product. We hope the advocates of Free Trade will bear these facts in mind. They may serve as an illustration of the dangerous effects of a protective Tariff.

In 1842, the imports of wool at Buffalo amounted to 434 bales; in 1843, they were 581 bales; in 1844, 3,150; and the present season they have already reached 5 288 bales.

An extensive woollen establishment has been started at Kinderhook, Columbia county, immediately under the eye of the "Northern man with Southern feeling," which promises to impart a lively tone to this department along the river counties, and also among the interior towns beyond the Massachusetts State line.

The quantity of wool received there during the week ending on the 25th ult., was 24,500 pounds. Previous to that time, and since the commencement of the shearing season, there were taken in 25,000 lbs., making the whole amount now in store 49,500 lbs. Much of the wool is represented as being of the finest grade.

The quantity of wool brought to this market the present season falls short of last year. This is partly owing to the fact, that the fleece is lighter; but the main cause is to be attributed to the large number of sheep slaughtered last Fall for the pelts, tallow and hams.

The principal supplies of wool brought here are from the counties of Highland, Clinton, Warren, Greene, Clark, Madison and Champaign. The wool grown in these counties is fully equal to any grown in the United States; and readily commands at present, when clean, and free from burrs, from 22 for common, to 31½ cents for full blood—being an advance upon former rates.

Growers of wool are not fully aware of the importance of having it perfectly clean, free from burrs, and neatly tied up, before bringing it to market. Prices are often influenced by the cleanness of the article, and the manner in which it is put up, as they are by the quality.

We have recently had some conversation with a gentleman conversant with the subject, and who has had ample opportunities for acquiring correct information, and who informs us that in this country wool growers permit their sheep to run in too large flocks, and in pastures of great extent. To thrive well, sheep should be kept in flocks of about one hundred, and run in small pastures; and should be frequently changed from one pasture to another. In this way many contagious diseases can be kept within small limits, and a greater yield of wool can be obtained. These pastures should be kept clear of burrs, which can easily be done by a little attention in the early part of the season. By attending to this matter they can save more in the price of their wool than would pay for the labor several times over.

The qualities of wool which most readily command the market, are those grading from common to half-blood. These descriptions are always in demand for the Eastern manufacturers. That which is tub-washed is the most marketable.

As this business is likely to prove very profitable, it is to be hoped that our farmers will pay more attention to it than they formerly have done. Even with the little care which has heretofore been bestowed upon it, the wool of this part of the country is as desirable as any raised in the United States; and there is no reason why the Miami country may not become one of the most extensive wool-growing districts in the country; and insuring the farmer a larger and more certain return for his labor than he now obtains.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

FELIS ET MURES.

A FABLE.

Felis sedit by a hole
Intenti she cum omnia soul—
Prendere rats;
Mice cucurrerunt over the floor,
In numero duo, tres, or more—
Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis;
I'll have them, inquit, she I guess—
Dum ludunt
Tunc illa crept toward the group,
Habeam, dixit, good rat soup—
Pingues sunt.

Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti they in ludum vere—
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis into them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb—
Violenter.

MORAL.

Mures omnes nunc be shy,
Et aurem præbe mihi—
Benigne
Sic hoc facis—"verbum sat,"
Avoid a devilish big Tom cat—
Studiose!

MAKING THE TOES USEFUL.—Roberts, in his Oriental Illustrations, and Editor of the Pictorial Bible, thus speaks of the active, grasping power which the Orientals have in their feet and toes:

By constant usage they accustom themselves to make use of them in holding things in a manner which to us seems almost incredible, and they make the toes perform almost the work of fingers. We bind ours fast from early childhood in our close shoes, and they become useless except for the purpose of walking. But the Orientals use theirs differently. They seize upon an object with their toes, and hold it fast. If in walking along they see any thing on the ground which they desire to pick up, instead of stooping as we would, they seize it with their toes, and lift it up. Alypulle, a Kandian chief, was about to be beheaded. When he arrived at the place of execution, he looked round for some object on which to seize, and saw a small shrub, and seized it with his toes, and held it fast in order to be firm while the executioner did his office.

PRIMITIVE.—A correspondent of a New York paper tells about a happy valley in East Tennessee, where the people live out all their days undisturbed by politics, and very seldom going out into the world. They are contented, simple in their tastes, and of course given to wondering at and respecting very much those of their neighbors who have travelled beyond their own narrow bounds. One of the inhabitants some time since returned from a journey, when his presence was announced at "meeting" on Sunday by the aged minister in the following impressive words: "Brethren, there is a man among you who has just got back from New Orleans, where he saw *two dead men at once!*"

A PLEASANT MEMORY.—The author of "Local Loiterings," in the Boston Journal, whilst writing some reminiscences connected with the burial places of the dead, relates the following interesting circumstance:

One of the pleasantest churchyards I know of is in the Isle of Wight, and many years ago I was sauntering among its graves, when I saw a lady in deep mourning, with a little girl, sitting on a tomb-stone. The former was reading a book to the latter, who was looking with tearful eyes, into her mother's face. When they turned away from the spot, I saw that they had been looking on the tomb of the "Dairyman's Daughter," whose simple epitaph was engraved on the head-stone. That lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the little child was the Princess Victoria, now a Queen, on whose dominions the sun never sets. Perhaps the book the lady was reading was the delightful and affecting narrative of Leigh Richmond. Striking was the contrast in the condition of the sleeper and her who watched by her grave—the one a peasant's daughter in her dreamless slumbers, the other a child who, ere many years had passed over her head, was to take her place amongst the rulers of the nation!—The humbler of the two had won her palm, and was wearing her crown, whilst the "daughter of a royal line" was fated to endure the perilous splendor of dominion, and become the mother of more kings, ere she should lie down in the vaults of Windsor.

The Olio.

HER LAST WORDS.

"Refresh me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet;
Shed not one silly tear;
But when my eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

"I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life hath been the shadow of a dream;
The joyousness of mirth
Did ever with me seem:
My spirit hath no dearth,
But dwelt forever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in golden trance of never-failing mirth.

"Touch me once more, my father, ere my head
Hath not answer for thee! kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak;
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in snowy folds of funeral swathing band."

LARGE CHESTS.—Horses that are round, or "barrel chested," are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of an opposite kind. Scientific sportsmen are, in a great measure, guided in their opinion of a horse's racing qualifications by his girth just behind his shoulders; by this test, a jockey foretold the reputation and prowess of the celebrated racer Plenipotentiary, almost from the period of his birth. Cattle-dealers and butchers, in like manner judge by the chests and shoulders of cows and pigs what amount of fat they are likely to gain by feeding. All animals that have lungs are remarkable for the vigor of their appetite, and the facility with which they appropriate their nutriment; such animals will feed upon the coarsest hay and straw, whilst their less fortunately constructed companions are fattened by no kind of food. An amusing anecdote is related of a simpleton, who, in trying to sell a horse, declared, that "*the animal's eating was mere nothing.*" The intelligence would, contrary to intention, have sufficed to ruin the prospect of a sale, but the buyer with a rare discrimination, inferred from the horse's chest that the capacity of his appetite had been unwittingly misstated. He bought him on the hazard of an opinion, and had no reason to repent of his judgment.

A MISS WANTING A CAPACITY.—A common councilman's lady paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered—

"Pretty good, madam—miss is very attentive. If she wants any thing it is a *capacity*, but for *that* deficiency you know we must not blame her."

"No, madam," replied the mother, "but I blame you for not having mentioned it before, for her father, thank fortune, can afford his daughter a capacity, and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may."

GOOD ONES.—At a late Agricultural Festival, the following sentiments were given at the board:

The Farmer's Wife—she makes his best "*Stock*-ing."

The Farmer's motto—"A good dairy-maid, or no butter made."

Hasty Pudding—the only thing to make a farmer mealy mouthed.

The Farmer's Wife—the best man upon the farm.

MELTING LINES.

Methought my heart a roasting lay
On Cupid's kitchen spit—
Methought he stole thy heart away,
And stuck it next to it.
Methought my heart began to melt,
And thine to gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one.

AN ELOQUENT INAUGURAL.—A Western editor has the following burst of patriotism in his prospectus.

Devotion to the land that gave me birth, and the glorious principles under which I have been reared, has forced me into the ranks of her illustrious champions.

I shall continue to defend her rights unawed by power, unseduced by wealth.

But if the cash don't begin to come in, darned if I don't have a slope.

STRAW BONNETS.—In 1817, when straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with arificial wheat or barley in ear; on which the following lines were written:

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain!
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes,
Our barns are now transferred to drawing rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives
To fill their granaries may thresh their wives."

A JUVENILE HERSCHEL.—On a recent moonlight night a mother had the following observation made to her by her son, a little urchin of about six years of age: "It must be all nonsense, mother, about there being folks in the moon." "Why so?" "Oh, because how could they crush themselves together when its only *half moon?*" Mamma (grinning). "May be the folks are like spy glasses, and SHUT IN."

WHILE I AM asleep, I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink, that quenches thirst; the fire, that warms cold; the cold, that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin, that purchases all things; the balance and weight, makes the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise.—*Sancho Panza.*

BEWARE OF HORSE FLESH.—An extravagant young gentleman having for a few days sported a pair of beautiful grey horses, asked a friend of his who happened to be of a serious cast, what he thought of his greys. "Why, I confess, Ned," replied the other, "they look extremely beautiful; but, take my word for it, your greys will very soon be converted into duns."

☞ "Pull out that white hair," said one lady to another.

"If I do, ten will come to the funeral."

"No matter, if they come in black."

SAVING.—An editor somewhere advises young people to get married in hard times, because when two persons are made one, it only costs about one half as much to live.

DRESS.—It is sometimes said that females go to meeting on Sunday to look at each others new dresses and bonnets. That's scandal! they go to show their own!

☞ "I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company.

"Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to *work* for it."

☞ The girls in Kennebuck now paste their faces with white sugar, so that they may be sweet when they are kissed. So says the slanderous *Yankee.*

IT IS NOT the plenty of meat that nourishes but a good digestion; neither is it abundance of wealth that makes us happy, but the discreet use of it.

THE HEIGHT OF INDOLENCE.—There is a man in St. Louis who does nothing all the time, and piles it up the next day. He has a clerk to keep tally.

☞ "I say, landlord," inquired a loafer, "what are you going to charge to keep me all the winter for nothing?"

☞ A wit says that amusements renew our existence, because they *re-create* us.

PUNCH says that a fit of the fever and ague is a "personal earthquake."

YOUNG ladies are inseparable friends when they have a lover apiece.

"THIS must be looked into," as the young lady said to the mirror.

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wiswall.

Notices of New Works.

Essays, *by John Robinson Cone, M. D. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* These essays embrace considerations respecting The Recognition of Friends in Another World; of Mental Illumination; of Sleep; of Dreams; and on Phrenology in Connexion with the Soul; and on The Existence of a Soul in Brutes. If the learned author had written to find a series of subjects which open a wider range of controversy than these, he could not have found a more fertile one. Most of the themes of which the book treats have been had, however, all the way from the schoolmen to the present, and have been subtly laid aside for years by theologians, to make way for matters of direct revelation, and the practical enforcement of duties of the present life. As to the recognition of friends for instance, we only *know* ourselves and our friends here as in a place of express and perfect happiness, and we are told that whereas now we see through a glass darkly, then we shall see face to face in light and knowledge, knowing as we are known. Whatever may be consistent with our happiness, and God's wisdom, we shall know, and not by reasoning, guess and speculation—and much of it is absurdity, as such a subject. Phrenology is a theme of the day, and we say that the absence of friends and connexions from Heaven would prove it a delusion, if we had not revelation to prove these—is it "the just made perfect," could in their perfection see cause of unhappiness in God's justice? In the manner each receives after position in the land we are taken up—only, we dare say, to be cleverly answered by the 19th page, as we shall not be disposed to enter on a subject beyond clear revelation is absurdity. Those who receive not the gospel of "the love of the truth" will certainly not be touched by their Father—let men speculate as they may in a natural manner. The author's object we are in contemplating Heavenly pleasures, as likened to the parent of earthly happiness,—in the recognition of friends, and in other matters, we are to learn it is not. The Saviour of Men used ordinary images. He said of children "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Dr. Cone ought moreover an argument against the happiness of Heaven in the absence of friends, because they are not subject to life and pains and woes unconnexible—and in carrying these infant distresses into Heaven, he would have been justly chargeable with error, had he not been easily convinced on the point on which we have commented.

As to the affirmed descent of Christ into Hell, due too late to come in a regular "Creed," Dr. Cone supposes Christ shows the salvation of the phrase "the place of departed spirits," which is found in the Creed. The rendered words of the same meaning in the creed." We do not see what more the Dr can in reason ask than the fact. The Creed is not to be altered in the 19th century—even if it were profitable to meet these things in any way.

As to Phrenology, we cause to the conclusion long since, that its principles are true, and that it is based on reason; and that there is no practical utility in its means of research. Angels are said to know the thoughts—God has given to them a knowledge to the Giver and to the recipients. There is no means of communication of intelligence between angels and of fleshy men, because the latter is it not sure, and he who endeavors to construct a bridge to the spirit world, is a visionary and a fool. The computer, to go over the same manœuvre, in quest of what is not known, is equally a fool. Let us wait, as the Lord the Saviour Father below is a large artery, a Chinese village, with windows of colored glass, and a few small houses, inhabited by the wealthier class of the people.

Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. *By Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by Robert Mackintosh, L.L.D. With a Preface by the Rev. Wm. Whewell, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. From the Seventh London Edition, Revised and Corrected. Lea & Blanchard.* This work originally appeared "as an article in the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and its publication in this separate form will meet a demand of considerable extent. The author never went it in the voluminous work for which it was prepared. The Preface, by Whewell, gives of a new nature, as to the contents and opinions of the author—but a statement of the views and opinions of the author are collected from the whole. Mr. Stewart has interpreted remarks through the volume, wherever any such addition seemed necessary or useful. Of the work and author, the Preface remarks: "The author's extensive acquaintance with the literature of his subject, his comprehensive and philosophical view, his sagacity as a critic, and his skill as a writer have long been generally acknowledged; and for more than a year before his death a favorable field for the exercise of his talents, and interest full to the subject, was open to him, which few persons in his or his subject."

The work is divided into the Introduction, a retrospect of Ancient and Scholastic Ethics, a Review of Modern Ethics, and the Controversies concerning the Moral Faculties and the Principle of Virtue, with notices of Clarke, Hobbes, Cumberland, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Adam Smith, Price, and Hoffler. Under the section devoted to "Foundations of a more correct Ethical Theory," are sections of Bacon, Hutcheson, Berkley, Home, Smith, Price, Hartley, Tucker, Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Brown. The latter reader will perceive from this hasty notice, if he be not already familiar with the work, that it is a library in itself. It has struck us that the publication of this latter account, to these days of enquiry for good books, is surprising that it has not been published in a cheap form, as the Encyclopedia, the price of which bars popular circulation.

The Abbey of Innisville.—*A Story of Another Century. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.* This is the first production of a Lady who is to write, as Miss Graham will become as the writer of "Father Clement," "The Decision," "Professor not Principle," &c. These works we believe to be known to the public as the work of Grahame's, since many years ago, when "Professor not Principle" was published, and we do not know that the designation has altogether gone out yet. We recollect "Mr. Norton," as master of the school family, and after that came the "Hero of No Fiction," written by some one who professed to give the truth unvarnished. But, we will not enter into a critique of the work, or a discussion of its, morals or manners, and many are, in fact, objectionable in the extreme. The Abbey of Innisville may be considered rather than to the census. We do not see why religious or controversial themes may not be treated in a work of this sort, or other subjects may. There is always a little mystery in the secret of "Who printed and published" but on his neck, in all controversial tales, whether the matter and manners are correct or confined, or unclear, he religious or secular. This is a matter of consequence to be perused. Miss Kennedy is most, if not all of her stories, and we have always found them pure, and their ability has been the ground of their popularity with Protestant readers. Mr. Campbell has produced the work in a neat and cheap form.

Graham's Magazine *August.* The embellishments of this number are, a steel plate of Dr. J. R. Chapin, engraved by Welch & Walters, after a painting by Sanford Thayer, Esq., the latter, and beautiful as a picture, and a view of Rock Mountain, in Georgia. Among the contributors will be found the names of Mrs. Stephens, Longfellow, Pinckney, Lowell, Neal, Pollock, Hewitt, Read, Fenny Forrester, and many others. There are numerous engravings in the number, and the literary matter, for which we cannot do better than to refer the reader directly to the book itself.

Marriage. *Hermit & Co.* This is one of the best novels every written. It is by the author of "Inheritance," and is one of those odd books which will pay to every sense for republication.

Moss Cheap Music. *Parent & Co.* have published Peerless Marches, and in another corner Eleven Scotch Songs, each cheap and neatly printed.

Harper's Bible. No. 26 to this work published, and received by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Grigg & Co.*

☞ An Ohio paper states that cows are selling on the Scioto at $6 a head, for want of feed, and several thousands of sheep are to be driven to the Western prairies to feed on wild grass for the winter.

New York City.

☞ The New York Sun says—The posts are now all up along Broadway, and will be continued to the Highlands, where the wires will cross the Hudson at a sufficient altitude to admit the passage of vessels. Seven down to the Somerville Railroad in Somerville, where the route changes to the post road, which it follows to the margin of the Delaware River, opposite Philadelphia, where, we believe, the river is near or enough to be crossed without the aid of a boat. The water passage is a endeavor between large copper plates on each shore.

☞ Six new and splendid churches are now in course of erection in New York, viz: three for the University Place, (a Baptist's (Dr. Cone's Church) in Broadway near Eleventh street; the Unitarian Church, Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets; Free Episcopal Church, corner of Sixth Avenue and 20th street; the new Catholic Church in 35th street; and Dr. Phillips' Church in Fifth Avenue. All are making rapid progress towards completion.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

WILHELMSHOHE—MUNDEN— GOTTINGEN —ENTRANCE TO THE HARTZ—CLIMBING THE BROCKEN.

Osterbrock, (in the Hartz) May 3, 1845.

From the midst of these wild mountains at the foot of the Brocken, I go back to spend the day and the shrend broken off at Cassel. I must tell you of my visit to Wilhelmshohe, or William's Height, the summer residence of the Prince, and one of the most remarkable places of the kind in Europe. It lies about three miles from the west of Cassel, on the side of a range of mountains that bound the valley of the Fulda on that side. Two of the students were kind enough to accompany me there, as it is not always easy for a stranger to obtain access to all the buildings. The road leads in a direct line from the city to the summit of the mountain, which is thirteen hundred feet high, surmounted by a great building, called the Giant's Castle, on the summit of which is a colossal statue of Hercules. Near to it is a circular tower through beautiful woods, we reached the princely residence a magnificent mansion standing on a terrace before it. It was scenery of the richest and theatre, built by Jerome Bonnaparte, in which he used to play himself. We looked into the green house, which is filled with the choicest plants, but none was combined. I would have given the castle itself for it. There were lofty halls, with glass doors at either end, through which the eye could see one could sit in myrtle bowers, with the brilliant bloom of the tropics around him. It was the only thing there I was disposed to envy.

The greatest curiosity is the water-works, which are designed to imitate the falls of Terni. The Giant's Castle on the summit contains an immense tank in which water is kept for the purpose; but unfortunately at the time I was there there was none had been frozen up through the winter, were not yet in condition to play. From the summit an inclined plane of masonry descends to the mountain side hundred feet, broken every one hundred and fifty feet by perpendicular descents. This is called the Cascades, down which the water first comes from the tank. After being again collected in a great basin at the bottom, it flows down an aqueduct of eight like a the man rain and goes over beautiful arches through the forest, where it falls in one sheet down a deep ravine, with better success than I expected, though falls made in exact imitation of nature, it is finally collected and forms the great fountain, which rises to the height of one hundred and ninety feet! The building on the summit was undergoing repairs, so that we were not permitted to visit the statue. It is a club which can hold nine persons has a window at the top, from which the whole country around can be enjoyed. We descended by steps which wind through the tower to the Lowenburg built as the ruin of a castle, and which is the back of the building. It was constructed by William I, on a grand scale, and although but fifteen years old, has the appearance of a ruin of centuries. Underneath are the ruins of a castle Kattenburg, which was destroyed by the Romans

Selected Poetry.

THE PEASANT KING.

BY C. D. STUART.

There is a man of prouder heart,
And nobler far by birth and art,
Than empowered King, or haught'y chief,
Or wealthy lord of high relief;
He would not give to princes or peers
The humble joys of his years;
Though born one shooting of his body,
The humble of the land.

See! yonder in his palace high,
His luxurious fare and wealth of wine,
His throne the car, his sceptre the plough,
His realm the land,
His flocks and herds,
And fields of waiting grain,
The subjects of his royal rule,
The lords of his domain!

He wears no better now than love bestow,
Nor pomp of waiting princes,
Nor crystal bowl, nor coveted crown;
Her bodice's soft patience
His tinsle that veils her breast,
And leaves his strong limbs,
And hands more skilled and firm are sworn,
Not set with coin less!

What, ho! in Court and Castle hall,
Where Kings in revel shout,
Are there no women fit royal?
Right royalty ring out!
Are no fair bosoms' love-possessed,
That shadow the glare rare,
Where Kingly hearts are found?
That sweet for bride and Sabbe!

Here is no bribe of wealth or line,
Nor sound of empire to inspire,
But simple truth is in the dress,
Or hard-won meat with sweet
His only boast, an honest heart,
His throne the land,
To battle for his kin and home,
His altar, and his God!

Selected Sketch.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.
A Tale of Witchcraft.

In a certain New England village, there were two orphans, what on the death of their parents, depended on the bounty of some distant relatives. The eldest was a girl, who at the years older than her brother, a poor sickly boy, who relied solely on his sister for those necessary attentions that seemed often in pressure to his life. They had eaten, for many years, the bitter bread of dependence, what the persecuting spirit, in the form of witchcraft delusion, awoke in the land. This young girl, now about eighteen, was distinguished by remarkable maturity of character, and also by a perfection at form and feature, as rare as it was beautiful. It is well known that the victims of the delusion were selected among those who were distinguished by any gifts of mind or person, and even those who possessed any piety and excellence of character, were most likely to become objects of intercourse with the Author of Evil.

Thankful that our grandfather, represented Miriam Power as queenly in her person, of the most winning sweetness in countenance and manner, although mingled with sadness and reserve. This sadness was attributed in the early loss of her parents, and to the anxiety and care which had fallen upon her at that early age in the protection of her infirmate brother. He was afflicted with a fearful malady, epilepsy. It is now well known that although through a physical disease, it will yield to mild remedies and moral treasure. Not that in this way, or by the natural ascendancy which a strong mind exercises over a weak one, attended a perfect control of her silent brother. She had become an accustomed to the cause of him, that, although she could not foresee and prevent the paroxysm of the malady, yet, as soon as consciousness began to return, by during her eye mildly on his, and taking him in her arms, she could immediately soothe him to quiet and rest.

As usual in such cases, every one was ready with advice, and there were as many remedies offered as there were persons to prescribe for. But Miriam had learnt (on experience that her own treatment was the best, and refused all herbs, nostrums and charms.

Among the most earnest was an old Indian squaw, who had been the doctress of the village, who entreated Miriam to make use of a wonderful, basil, shin and then rubbed in powder, taken in small doses every day. The usual prescription was to perish with herself, and the poor girl went on in her own way.

Soon after, the accusation for witchcraft began, either excited by those who envied the beauty and virtues of Miriam, or moved by anger at the rejection of her advice, this old Indian accused the poor girl of first injuring her brother into fits, and then bringing him out of them by the assistance of the Evil One. It is well known how readily people, and even the magistrates, lend an ear to such accusations. All who would not acknowledge a compact with the Evil One felt that they were lost as soon as they were accused. Not at all.

Poor Miriam knew instantly that her fate was sealed, and one morning early August, the officer entered her little room where she was sitting by her brother, and said he had come to take her to prison. She turned pale as death, but with that power which was habitual to her, she entreated for permission to retire, to commend herself and her brother to Heaven. When she returned, she was calm, and said, with much firmness, who were her accusers, and demanded to be confronted with them. When they saw her from her weeping brother, her fortitude forsook her, and she entreated with tears, that he might be permitted to go with her to prison. Her prayer was not granted, and the poor idiot knew not the calamity he was suffering.

In cases like these, the cruelty of their proceeding was only exceeded by their rapidity. The next day Miriam was taken from prison and carried to Salem for examination. These examinations took place in the church, and were conducted with the mockery of a religious solemnity. The meeting was opened with prayer by the clergyman, the accused was then brought in and placed between two men, so that she could touch nothing in her vicinity. No relative or friend was permitted to enter the office, not even husbands when their wives were the accused.

Miriam, on this awful occasion, had not wholly neglected her dress, but her beautiful long hair hung loosely behind her neck and shoulders. She was deadly pale, and drops of agony stood upon her forehead, but there was a light in her dark eye that said whatever might be her fate, she would be true to her principles, and that neither the longing for life on one so young, nor the fear of a cruel death would swing from her one false word.

The Judge was a near relative before her. She was old, bent, withered, and there was a malignant expression in her snake-like eye, which contrasted with the calm innocence of Miriam. I think like that of a fiend of darkness opposed to an angel of light. She testified that she had frequently seen the accused throw her brother into fits, and then, with a look or touch, he exactly restore him to tranquility. She gave clear and minutial relations of many circumstances she had witnessed, and called upon others to confirm her testimony.

Miriam felt that there was scarcely a ray of hope, but she called upon her God, the protector of the orphan, and entreated to be heard in her own defence. She gave a clear and lucid relation of her brother's illness, which had afflicted him from his birth. She told them that her mother had bequeathed him to her care, on her death-bed, and she gave a touching account of all her fond watchings, for all two days and nights, the various remedies she had used from time to time, of all that she had found out the soothing moral influence, by which she could alone mitigate his sufferings.

Her youth, her beauty, her humility, the tone of her voice, moved the hearts of the jury. They resented hearing over the hearts of her judge, when it was suggested by one of them to bring the boy and place him before her power. Her agony was depicted on an instant, if he should chance to hear the experiment truly, and the conviction came to the audience of the Indian would scarcely be sufficient to condemn her.

When they went for the boy, they found he had been wrapped over with his master had been taken away, but he had not intelligence enough to comprehend the nature of the case, or to know how much depended on their behavior. Often informed that he was about to be taken to his sister, he rejoined the utmost joy and eagerness it professed. Miriam heard him coming, and trembled, as consciously, that one of the men was obliged to support her with his arm from falling to the ground.

The poor boy expected to see his sister as he had always seen her, calm, firm, and smiling gently on him. When he was brought into the crowded meeting house, and saw the men and even solemn appearance of the magistrates, he believed gratitude pale as death, a piercing scream and cry escaped from his lips, and he shrieked with the utmost intense terror, uttered a parting shriek and fell down in strong convulsions at her feet.

Although her life depended on it, Miriam could resist no longer. She struggled violently, drew her arms with a powerful effort from the men who held her, and threw herself by the side of her agonized brother. She raised him in her arms, wiped the froth from his mouth, and pressed him closely to her bosom. He opened his eyes, saw the maid, the beloved, the well known countenance fixed tenderly upon him, he instantly became calm, nestled like an infant on her breast, and soon fell asleep.

The ten-hearted judge, unmoved by a scene that brought tears to many eyes, cried out, "What will it do?" Here plainly manifested of the Evil One is among us. The most witnessing scene are often made for his agents. I do not acknowledge his art, but I have seen it, and give her over to his power."

Miriam fell upon her knees, and in the presence of the crowd, abjured all aid, compact, or intelligence with any spirit of evil. She acknowledged but One, the Father of all spirits, and in his power relied for the cause of her complete and the innocent. Her brother clung to her, and she refused again to be separated from him. They were left together in the prison. The poor boy, whose life she had so often saved, was conscious that he had now been the means of condemning his guardian to death.

Are you interested enough in my heroine to wish to know her fate? She was prepared herself, by faith and prayer, for the cruel death which she knew awaited her. But there were in the crowd, at her trial, hearts made of softer material than those of her inexorable judges. When they found that no entreaties could prevail on a stronger and firmer mind than her own, they determined, by some means or other to save her from her deliverance.

One morning her prison was found empty; no inquiries were instituted, and no pursuit was made. It was afterwards found that she had fled to Boston, where, with her own industry, she supported herself and her unfortunate brother.

I have often wished that I could have known her future destiny in life. Her remarkable beauty and strength of intellect could not have remained unknown. An American Scott would find many a Rose Dama among the daughters of the Pilgrims.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Where are they—the companions of our youth,
With whom in youth we gamboled on the sod,
They are laid beneath the cold and silent earth,
To their hospitable threshold-stone we tread;
Where are they—the companions of our youth,
And where are they—the companions of our youth,
The cheerful friends with whom we went to race,
Where are they?
Where are they?

Where are they—the companions of our youth,
Youth's longed for manhood and gold yesterday,
Have passed away like morning's dew,
Their fiery portal to life's thorny maze,
Where are they—the companions of our youth,
The calm bright memories of its April sky,
Have changed and passed away,
Where are they?

Had vexed and marred its life seeming—
Had vexed and marred its life seeming—
Had vexed and marred its life seeming—
Where are they?

Where are they—the fond dreams of buoyant youth,
Floating, floating, floating on the air,
As an unbinding the late year's truth,
Shadowing in hope's soft colors,
Where are the glowing visions that arose,
Where are they?
Where are they?

Where are they—the resolves of life's young morn,
Where are they?
Where are they?
Where are they?

Where are they—the resolves of life's young morn,
Of high resolve, of firm intent,
That clustered, big with promise, in our youth,
Like opening spring buds. Where are they?
Where are they?

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE, DESIRING TO KNOW IF SHE'LL BE ABLE TO GO TO THE BALL NEXT, TRIES A DIPLOMATIC STRATAGEM.

"Well, I am sure I'm sick. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this weather. You seem to forget it is July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly—have never spoken: yet not a word have you said of the season—not a word. Not that I care for it myself—oh, my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, it was quite proper, Mr. Caudle, that you—that the doctor, perhaps, I'm out of the world, the better. Yes, yes; I see you think so—and of course you do, else you wouldn't; for there nay—I'm not going to be angry—I'm resigned to it, Caudle; but you shan't vex me. No, I won't be angry, and you may never complain that you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

"But all I want to ask you is this: do you remember, Caudle, when you took me summer? Yes, you'll go to Gravesend! There, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well say Jericho at once. Yes, you think so—you call that the sea-side. What! *It's handy for business!* Business indeed! as if one never had to speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you fling business in one's face. Yes, you're always in business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Caudle, and you'd see me in my grave before for your family if you did.

"You know that Macklin's always on bathing: you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and yet—I know you, Caudle—place me in the open air for one week, and you said a word about the matter. What do you call Gravesend? There's no sea—no—not at all. Since it will be cheaper for us in the end, for I see you're determined to have it so, and I'm not going to be argued down, Caudle, that you're not at your own house! making me the contradictory thing in the world. I never was. It never was yet. You know Margate's the place for me; and if you don't take me to the tails of Gravesend! But what's my saying to you? You wouldn't care if I never sat at all. Then you'd have more room in bed, you say; and husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.

"What do you say? *How much will it cost?* There you are. Mr. Caudle, with your one idea again. When you want to go yourself to place's not to Gravesend, you're regardless as much will it cost! What! You never go to Gravesend? Well, I don't see how you can, if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, you can give a guinea a plate for white-bait dinners, and I know very well what I'm talking about, and I know very well what I'm talking about, and I know very well what I'm talking about

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Notices of New Works.

ESSAYS, *by John Redman Coxe, M. D. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* These essays embrace considerations respecting The Recognition of Friends in Another World; on The Affirmed Descent of Christ into Hell; on Phrenology in Connexion with the Soul; and on The Existence of a Soul in Brutes. If the learned author had striven to find a series of subjects which open a wider range of controversy than these, we are sure he could not have found it. Most of the themes of which the book treats have had, however, all the benefit of scholastic disputation, and have been tacitly laid aside for years by theologians, to make way for matters of direct revelation, and the practical instructions and duties of the Gospel. As to the recognition of friends for instance, we only *know* positively, that Heaven must be a place of supreme and perfect happiness, and we are told that whereas now we see through a glass darkly, we shall there be blessed in light and knowledge, knowing as we are known. Whatever may be consistent with our happiness, and God's wisdom, will be granted. All argument is fanciful and speculative—and much of it is absurdity, on such a subject. Particularly absurd is it for Dr. Coxe to say that the absence of friends and connexions from Heaven would prove an alloy to the bliss of a glorified spirit there—as if "the just made perfect," could in their perfection see cause of unhappiness in God's justice! In like manner could position after position in the book be taken up—only, we dare say, to be cleverly answered by the Dr. again. But, as we said before, argument on a subject beyond clear revelation is absurdity. Those who receive the invitation "Come ye blessed," will certainly not be mocked by their Father—let men speculate as they may in advance. Meanwhile, if Christians find joy in contemplating Heavenly pleasures, as likened to the purest of earthly happiness,—in the recognition of friends, or any other innocent joy, we see no harm in it. The Saviour of Men used sublunary images. He said of children "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Dr. Coxe might construct an argument against the happiness of Heaven by showing that children are actually unhappy, subject to ills and pains and woes innumerable—and in carrying these infant distresses into Heaven, he would have been guilty of nothing more absurd than he has already committed in the point on which we have commented.

As to the affirmed descent of Christ into Hell, that too has been mooted endlessly. The Protestant Episcopal Church allows the substitution of the phrase "the place of departed spirits," which, the rubric adds, "are considered words of the same meaning in the creed." We do not see what more the Dr. can in reason ask than this. But The Post is not the place for a theological controversy—even if it were profitable to meet those things in any place.

As to Phrenology, we came to the conclusion long since, that too earnest a pursuit of it *must* lead to materialism; and that there is no practical utility in its minute speculations. And with regard to brutes, whatever God has given to them is known to the Giver and to the recipients. There is no means of communication of intelligence between them and us. If they too, have a revelation it is not ours; and he who endeavors to construct a bridge to the brute creation is welcome, without our company, to go over the *pons asinorum*, in quest of what he may find. The doctrine is not new, at any rate, for the American Indian, it is said, believed of heaven that

—— there admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog will bear him company.

The book gives great evidence of what all who know Dr. Coxe knew before, that he possesses a critical mind, and deep erudition. He deals with the ancient languages as with his mother tongue; and we can but deeply regret such a misapplication of learning and critical talent as is here exhibited. If he proves all that he aims at, he has proved nothing worth knowing; and if he disproves all that he combats he has disproved nothing which it does any harm to believe. We have never seen a more elaborate monument of time misspent than in these essays—except, perhaps in the Vision of Rubeta.

DISSERTATION ON THE PROGRESS OF ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY, CHIEFLY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES. *By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, L. L. D. With a Preface, by the Rev. Wm. Whewell, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This work originally appeared as an article in the seventh edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica; and its publication in this separate form will put it in the hands of thousands of readers, who could never meet it in the voluminous work for which it was prepared. The Preface, by Whewell, gives it a new value, as it not only contains a general view of the work, but a statement of the views and opinions of the author as collected from the whole. Mr. Whewell has also interspersed remarks through the volume, wherever any such addition seemed necessary or useful. Of the work and author, the Preface remarks: "The author's extensive acquaintance with the literature of his subject, his comprehensive and philosophical view, his sagacity as a critic, and his skill as a writer have long been generally acknowledged. The work now before the reader afforded a favorable field for the exercise of his talents, and cannot fail to attract attention from all who feel any interest in him or his subject."

The work embraces, beside the Introduction, a retrospect of Ancient and Scholastic Ethics, a Review of Modern Ethics, and the Controversies concerning the Moral Faculties and the Social Affections; with notices of Grotius, Hobbes, Cumberland, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftsbury, Fenelon, Bossuet, Leibnitz, Malebranche, Edwards, and Buffier. Under the section devoted to "Foundations of a more just Theory of Ethics, we have notices of Butler, Hutcheson, Berkeley, Hume, Smith, Price, Hartley, Tucker, Paley, Bentham, Stewart and Brown. The reader will perceive from this hasty notice, if he be not already familiar with the work, that it is a library in itself. It has struck us that our publishers might find their account, in these days of enquiry for good books, in reprinting other treatises, on important subjects, from the heavy Encyclopedias, the price of which bars popular access to them.

THE ABBEY OF INNISMOYLE.—*A Story of Another Century. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell.* This is the first American edition of a little work by Miss Kennedy, well known as the writer of "Father Clement," "The Decision," "Profession not Principle," &c. These works all belong to the class which used to be called "religious novels," some twenty years ago, when "Profession not Principle," was first published; and we do not know that the designation has altogether gone out yet. We recollect "No Fiction," as another of the same family, and after that came the "Hero of No Fiction," written by some one who professed to give the truth unembellished.

All tales or novels are written, or purport to be, in illustration of life, morals or manners; and many are, in fact, *arguments* addressed to the fancy and imagination rather than to the reason. We do not see why religious or controversial themes may not as well be treated in this way, as other subjects may. There is always a little analogy to the story of the Lion painted with a man's foot on his neck, in all controversial tales, whether the matter they are written to establish or confute, be religious or secular. This is a matter of course, and is expected. Miss Kennedy in most, if not all of her stories, is very decidedly Protestant; and that, with their ability has been the ground of their popularity with Protestant readers. Mr Campbell has produced the work in a neat and cheap form.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. *August.* The embellishments of this number are: a portrait of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, engraved by Welch & Walters, after a painting by Saunders, life-like as a likeness, and beautiful as a picture; and a view of Rock Mountain, in Georgia. Among the contributors to the number we have Mrs. Stephens, Longfellow, Peterson, Lowell, Neal, Pollock, Mrs. Osgood, Fanny Forrester, and many others. There are several splendid papers in the number, both verse and prose, for which we cannot do better than to refer the reader directly to the book itself.

MARRIAGE. *Ferrett & Co.* This is one of the best novels every written. It is by the author of "Inheritance," and is one of those old books which will pay in every sense for republication.

MORE CHEAP MUSIC. *Ferrett & Co.* have published Pouches Mazurkas, and in another cover Eleven Scottish Songs, each cheap and neatly printed.

HARPER'S BIBLE. No. 26 is this week published, and received by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Zieber & Co.*

☞ An Ohio paper states that cows are selling on the Reserve at $6 a head, for want of feed; and several thousands of sheep are to be driven to the Western prairies, to feed on wild grass for the winter.

New York City.

☞ The New York Sun says:—The posts are now put up along Broadway, and will be continued to the Highlands, where the wires will cross the Hudson at a sufficient altitude to admit the passage of vessels; thence down to the Somerville Railroad to Somerville, where the route changes to the post road, which it follows to the margin of the Delaware River, opposite Philadelphia, where, we believe, the river is narrow enough to be crossed without wires, the water acting as a conductor between large copper plates on each shore.

☞ Six new and splendid churches are now in course of erection in New York, viz: Dr. Potts' in University Place; Dr. Taylor's (Grace Church) in Broadway near Eleventh street; the Unitarian Church, Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets; Free Episcopal Church, corner of Sixth Avenue and 20th street; the new Catholic Church in 25th street; and Dr. Phillips' Church in Fifth Avenue. All are making rapid progress towards completion.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

WILHELMSHOHE—MUNDEN—GOTTINGEN—ENTRANCE TO THE HARTZ—CLIMBING THE BROCKEN.

Oderbruch, (in the Hartz) May 3, 1845.

From the midst of these wild mountains at the foot of the Brocken I go back to pick up the thread broken off at Cassel. I must tell you of my visit to Wilhelmshohe, or William's Height, the summer residence of the Prince, and one of the most remarkable places of the kind in Europe. It lies about three miles west of Cassel, on the side of a range of mountains that bound the valley of the Fulda on that side. Two of the students were kind enough to accompany me there, as it is not always easy for a stranger to obtain access to all the buildings. The road leads in a direct line from the city to the summit of the mountain, which is thirteen hundred feet high, surmounted by a great building, called the Giant's Castle, on the summit of which is a pyramid ninety-six feet high, on which stands the statue of Hercules, copied after the Farnese, and thirty-one feet in height. By a gradual ascent through beautiful woods, we reached the princely residence, a magnificent mansion standing on a natural terrace of the mountain. Near by is a little theatre, built by Jerome Buonaparte, in which he used to play himself. We looked into the green house in passing, where the floral splendor of every zone was combined. I would have given the castle itself for it. There were lofty halls, with glass roofs, where the orange grew to a great tree, and one could sit in myrtle bowers, with the brilliant bloom of the tropics around him. It was the only thing there I was guilty of coveting.

The greatest curiosity is the water-works, which are perhaps unequalled in the world. The Giant's Castle on the summit contains an immense tank in which water is kept for the purpose; but unfortunately at the time I was there, the pipes which had been frozen up through the winter, were not yet in condition to play. From the summit an inclined plane of masonry descends the mountain nine hundred feet, broken every one hundred and fifty feet by perpendicular descents. This is called the Cascades, down which the water first rushes from the tank. After being again collected in a great basin at the bottom, it passes into an acqueduct, built like a Roman ruin, and goes over beautiful arches through the forest, where it falls in one sheet down a deep precipice. After passing over several other beautiful falls, made in exact imitation of nature, it is finally collected and forms the great fountain, which rises twelve inches in diameter from the middle of a lake to the height of one hundred and ninety feet! The building on the summit was undergoing repairs, so we were not permitted to ascend to the statue. The club which can hold nine persons has a window at the top, from which the most extensive prospect is enjoyed. We descended by lovely walks through the forest to the Lowenburg, built as the ruin of a knightly castle, and fitted out in every respect to correspond with descriptions of a fortress in the olden time, with moat, drawbridge, chapel, garden with trees all cut into the shape of pyramids, &c. Father below is a large aviary, a Chinese village, with windows of colored glass, and a few small houses, inhabited by the descendants of the Hessians who fell in America, supported here at the Prince's expense! The whole extent of this remarkable residence, with its beautiful grounds, is many miles; it was commenced in 1701, and a long time was required to bring it to its present splendor.

In going out of Cassel the next day, on the road to Munden, I passed the ruins of Castle Kattenburg, on the bank of the Fulda. It was commenced by William I., on a giant scale, and although but fifteen feet above the ground, cost several millions of thalers, but since his death in 1821, has been left untouched. Taking a parting leave of the students on the gate at the Gottingen road, I climbed the mountain slowly in the hot sun. The view of Cassel and the surrounding country was very fine, and Wilhelmshohe was for a long time visible. On the summit I passed out of Hesse into Hanover, and began to descend the remaining six miles. The road went down by many windings, but it shortened the way considerably by a foot-path through a mossy old forest. The hills bordering the Weser are covered with wood, and the view was quite pleasant, with the little red-roofed city of Munden at the bottom. I stopped there for the night, and next morning walked around the place. It is one of the old German cities who have not yet felt the effect of the changing spirit of the age. It is still walled, though the towers are falling to ruin. The streets are narrow, crooked, and full of ugly old houses, and to stand in the little square before the public buildings, one would think himself in the sixteenth century. Just below the city the Werra and Fulda unite and form the Weser. The triangular point has been made into a public walk, and the little steamboat was lying at anchor near by, waiting to start for Bremen.

In the afternoon I got into the omnibus for Gottingen. The ride over the wild, dreary, monotonous hills was not at all interesting. There were two other passengers inside, one of whom, a grave, elderly man, took a great interest in America, and said if he were young, he would certainly go there. After going half the way up hill we came to Dransfeld, a little town, which within a few years has been burned to the ground. It is now built up again in the same ugly, cross-barred style, which has been used for the German cottages for the last six centuries. As we descended, we had a pleasant view of the wide valley of Gottingen, with the two or three massive spires of the city before us, and at some distance the three mountain-peaks called the Gleichen, with the ruins of robber-castles upon them.

The bad weather obliged me to stay two days in this dull town, for it is dull in every sense of the word. Except the University Library, which is one of the largest in Europe, containing 500,000 volumes, there is scarcely anything of interest, and it has no historical associations of importance. There are two or three old churches, which are only interesting because they are old. The University was formerly one of the first in Germany, but since the government has driven away its best professors for their liberal sentiments, it has fallen very much. The second day I took the post to Nordheim, about twelve miles distant, resolving at any rate to be nearer to the Hartz. The Gottingen valley, down which we drove is very green and beautiful, and the trees seemed to have come out all at once. The forests were all in young foliage. We were not within sight of the Hartz, but the mountains along the Weser were visible on the left. I stopped all night at Nordheim, and started on foot again the next morning. The roads were horribly muddy from the late rains, so that I proceeded but slowly. After some time an officer came by on horseback, with his aid on foot. He rode up to me and asked me where I came from and what I was. This surprised me somewhat, and I felt a little angry, but judged it best to answer. He then asked to see my passport, and on finding what countryman I was, became all at once, very polite—complimented me on my German, and made a military salute at parting. It is provoking that such people should have so much control over travellers, but there is nothing to do but to submit to it.

A blue range along the horizon told me of the Hartz, as I went along, but although there were some fine side-glimpses through the hills, I did not see much of them till I reached Osterode, about twelve miles. Here the country begins to assume a different aspect. The city lies in a narrow valley, and as the road goes down a steep hill towards it, one sees on each side a great many quarries of gypsum, and in front the gloomy pine mountains are piled one above another in real Alpine style. There are some ruins on the peaks near it; and the stream which sweeps through the valley on its way to the Weser, leaves its mountain home by an outlet which seems to have been hewn out on purpose for it. But alas! the city, though it looks exceedingly romantic from above, is one of the dirtiest I have ever seen. I stopped at Herzberg, six miles farther, for the night. The scenery was very interesting; and its effect was much heightened by a sky full of black clouds, which sent down a hail-storm as they passed by. The hills are all covered with pine, fir and larch. The latter tree in its first foliage, is most delicate and beautiful. Every bough is like a long ostrich plume, and when one of them stands among the dark pines, it seems so light and airy that the wind might carry it away. Just opposite Herzberg, the Hartz stands in its gloomy and mysterious grandeur, and I went to sleep with the pleasant thought that an hour's walk on the morrow would shut me up in its deep recesses.

The next morning I did enter them. The road led up a narrow mountain valley, down which a stream was rushing—on all sides were magnificent forests of pine. The trees rose like pillars one hundred and fifty feet high, and it was glorious to look down their long aisles, dim and silent, with a floor of thick green moss. There was just room enough for the road and the wild stream which wound its way zig-zag between the hills, affording the most beautiful mountain-view along the whole route. As it ascended the mountains became rougher and wilder, and in the shady hollows were still drifts of snow. I went on, enjoying every thing very much, and not taking notice of the road, went some distance towards a place called the "Schlucht;" which gave me the gratification of climbing a great mountain to get to Andreasberg. The view from the top, however, was worth the ascent. It was a grand mountain-view; the steep heights around were so wild and gloomy, and yet the blue tint they wore softened every thing down into a picture the eye delighted to dwell upon. Aurdreasberg is on the summit of a mountain two thousand feet above the sea. It is inhabited almost totally by the workmen in the mines, of which there are a great number. The largest is half a mile deep. It is one of the ugliest towns I ever saw, and I only stayed long enough to get dinner.

The way from here to the Brocken leads along the Rehberger Graben, which carry water about six miles, for the ore-works. After going through a thick pine wood, it came out on the mountain-side, where rough crags overhung the way above, and through the tops of the trees I had glimpses into the gorge below. It was scenery of the wildest character. Directly opposite rose a mountain wall, dark and stern through the gloomy sky; far below the little stream of the Oder foamed over the rocks with a continual roar, and one or two white cloud-wreaths were curling up from the forests.

I followed the water-ditch around every projection of the mountain, still ascending higher amid the same wild scenery, till at length I reached the Oderteich or great dam, in a kind of valley formed by some mountain peaks on the side of the Brocken. It has a breastwork of granite, very firm, and furnishes a continual supply of water for the works. It began to rain soon, but I kept on and took a foot-path which led up through the pine wood, but it brought me after a while into the road again. The storm still increased, till everything was cloud and rain, so I was obliged to stop about five o'clock at this place, a large toll-house and hotel on the side of the Brocken, on the boundary between Brunswick and Hanover, and the second highest inhabited house in the Hartz. The Brocken is invisible through the storm, and unless the weather changes before morning, the ascent will be difficult enough. The night is very cold, but by this warm fire I let the winds howl and the rain beat.

I have had very unfavorable weather thus far, for seeing the Hartz, but I believe it is not generally much better, except for a short time in summer. So many travellers have visited the Brocken without having a view, that I hardly expect to have a good one. However, my journey to-day through the wild hills, was worth coming a long way to see.

J. B. T.

THE BIG STEAMER.

As our readers will perceive by the Foreign News, in another column, the great iron steamer Great Britain, arrived at New York on Sunday last. She had a passage of fifteen days over the Atlantic. She encountered strong westerly winds, but proved to be a good sea-boat. Her engines worked admirably, and were never stopped until Capt. Hosken stopped them to get soundings on George's Bank.

An immense number of people, some fifty or sixty thousand, turned out to welcome her, and cheers and shouts went up in enthusiastic greeting as she neared point after point. Her six masts were each decorated with flags. At the gaff a large union flag of England flew gaily in the breeze; the first mast had the Austrian flag; the second mast the Russian, the third the Spanish, the fourth the French tri-color; the main, the union-jack of England; the foremast, a blended flag of England and America,—the stars of this country blended with the blue, white and red of the union of England, and at the lower quartering the stripes. This compliment of blending the flags at first defeated itself, as many of the spectators did not at first perceive that the American Flag was in any manner noticed. The dimensions of this vessel, and other main particulars, are as follows: Total length, 320 feet; total breadth, 50 feet; capacity, 3,000 tons; draught of water, 16 feet; engines, 1,000 horse power; four cylinders, 88 inches in diameter; length of stroke, 72 inches; chain wheel, 18 feet in diameter; the propelling screw in the stern of the ship is 15½ feet in diameter, and has six arms. The general description of her, which we annex, is from an English paper.

The vessel is entirely built of iron with the exception of the boarding of her decks and some of her cabin fittings and carved work. Her model is somewhat peculiar, yet accordant with the taste (when she was built) of many nautical men, and the speed she has since attained, together with her good sea qualities, prove that their opinions were well founded. Her sides tumble or fall in, a good deal towards the top deck, from about the middle of her length to the stern, giving her a man-of-war like appearance and a wholesome rotundity in the after body. Abreast of the boilers, which are forward of the longitudinal centre, her sides are rather flattish, but she has after all abundance of bearings for a steamer, and more aloft might have produced heavy rolling in a sea-way. Her bottom bearings are ample, and she is finely moulded with a sharp entrance approaching to the plough form, and an equally fine run. Her upper works, like most of the Bristol ships, are plain, but substantial in finish. The hull is formed of iron plates, decreasing in thickness from the keel upwards, and angle iron ribs, of great strength. The plates are not, however, so thick in proportion to her size as those of some iron vessels since constructed, particularly those built at North Birkenhead (for war purposes,) but she is nevertheless a very strong ship, being bound securely by rods on the tension principle. The plates of her keel are from ⅞ inch thick in the middle, to 1 inch at the ends, and all the plates under water are from ⅝ths to ⅛ inch at the top, except the upper plate, which is ⅜ths. She is chiefly clencher-built, and double riveted at many points. The ribs are 6 inches by 3½, by ⅛ inch thick at the bottom of the vessel, and 7-16ths at the top. Her rig is that of what may be called a six masted schooner, with fore and aft sails, and lugger topsails, with the exception of the mainmast (the second from the bow) which will carry a square mainsail and a topsail over it. She has four decks, and the upper, or spar deck, is 308 feet in length. The engines are somewhat on the patent of Sir Mark Brunel, with the cylinders, in place of being upright, standing on an angle of about 60°. The main shaft for the turning of the screw, and which is of great length and large diameter, was made at the Mersey Iron Works, in this town, and is itself a great curiosity.

On the spar deck there are eight skylights for the fore saloon and one large light over the engine room. The under decks and apartments have borrowed lights from these, and also circular lights in the sides of the ship—the latter of plate glass an inch in thickness. The companions, or entrances from the deck, are fitted with doors on either side, so as always to have a weather and a lee door, the former of which may be closed during gales. The windlass is on a patent principle. The best bower anchor weighs about three tons, and its iron chain cable is of 2½ inches diameter in the metal of the link. The bowsprit is proportionably short, owing to the great length of the vessel.

This enormous mass is driven through the water by a screw propeller, patented in England, and the peculiarities of the engine and machinery are thus described:

The first peculiarity noticed, is the engine and the enormous chain and chain wheel for driving the screw. Four separate steam engines drive round the axis of this monstrous wheel—two at one end of the axle, two at the other—the wheel between. The cylinders are placed apart at the bottom of the vessel, and the piston rods, which issue out of them, converge to the end of the cranks of this wheel. Each pair of engines work one crank, and the two cranks are placed at right angles; but the chain is the extraordinary thing; there are grooves on the wheel—at the end of each link of this huge chain there are teeth projecting into these grooves, so that as the wheel revolves the chain is compelled to revolve with it; at the bottom of the vessel immediately below the great wheel, lies a little wheel or pinion, having grooves cut in its circumference of the same size, and at the same distance from each other, though much less in number than those of the large wheel. The same chain passes round both wheels, and while the large wheel revolves by the power of the engines once, the small one revolves as much oftener as it is smaller. The small wheel has for its axis, the axis of the Archimedes Screw, which is attached to the after end of the axis, and protrudes through an aperture at the stern into the water. Its revolutions give motion to the vessel by their reaction on the water. Such is the vital principle of this Monster of the Deep.

The beauty in the appearance of this vessel is, that though enormous, yet such is her symmetry, that, except by contrast she does not seem large. She looks trim and handy; and were it not for the strange number of poles, some half dozen, which are called masts, but look more like flagstaffs, on the deck, one would admit that she was large, but would hardly say enormous. It is only when one descends the dark chaos of her interior, or paces her deck, conscious that, in a single turn from the rudder and back, he has travelled a tenth part of a mile, it is only then that he finds himself a pigmy—she a Brobdignag.

The Great Britain has 26 state rooms with one bed each, and 113 with two, so that in addition to her crew, officers, firemen, &c., she can accommodate 252 passengers, each of whom can be provided with a single bed, and that without making up a single sofa, or any other temporary convenience. The main, or dining saloon is about one hundred feet long, by thirty wide, and will admit 362 persons to sit down to dine at once. The total cost of the vessel is about five hundred thousand dollars. The principal objection to this wonder of the deep will be the great expense, including repairs and the interest on her first cost. Less than one hundred and fifty passengers, and a corresponding freight bill will hardly pay her expenses. On her first trip she brought only about fifty.

Casualties.

☞ We learn from the Howard (Md.) District Press that the Rev. Lloyd Selby, local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was riding on horseback, near the railroad, last week, when the horse took fright, was caught by the iron forks attached to the engine, and immediately killed. Mr. Selby was so much injured that he died on the following day.

☞ We learn from the Pittsburg Chronicle, that a Swiss, named Herman, aged 70 years, a resident of Allegheny city, was bitten by a mad dog in April last. Within a day or two, he has become raving mad, and his friends have found it necessary to tie him in bed with cords while laboring under the effects of the dreadful malady. His death was hourly expected.

☞ D. Gaines and R. Taylor, two more of the unfortunate victims of the explosion on board the steamer Big Hatchee, on the Missouri River, are dead, making twelve deaths in all. There are nine persons still at Herman, under medical treatment, only four or five of whom can recover.

☞ On July 28th, near Harris's manufactory, Woodstock, Connecticut, a small house was struck with lightning, and so much injured that the family removed. A girl of ten years was knocked from the kitchen into the cellar, where she was found under a sleeper, not dangerously hurt.

☞ During a storm at Richmond, Virginia, on Friday week, two young ladies, one the daughter of Mr. P. K. White, and the other, daughter of Mr. Samuel Putney, while sitting on a sofa together in Mr. White's residence, on Union Hill, were struck by lightning and instantly killed.

☞ A letter from Stewartstown, Richmond, N. C., states that recently, while a number of lads were playing, a storm came up, and they went to a tree for shelter, when the tree was struck by lightning, and three young persons named Oberstreet, Cole and Wade, were killed.

Personal News.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The Annual Commencement of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., was celebrated on the 3d. inst. On the evening of the 5th., the Rev. Daniel Curry, of New York, delivered an Address, and the Rev. E. O. Wentworth, of West Poultney, Vt., a poem, before the Alumni. On the 6th., the usual addresses were delivered by the Graduating Class, and the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on twenty-one young gentlemen, and the degree of Master of Arts on fourteen Graduates of regular standing.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on the Rev. H. P. Torsey, of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary; Hon. Isaac L. Shafter, of Vermont; J. T. Goodenow, of Massachusetts; J. W. Armstrong, of the Gouverneur Seminary; Rev. Alexander McNab, of Upper Canada.

The degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. John R. Crane, of the Congregrational Church, Middleton; and that of L. L. D. upon the Hon. D. O. Shattuck, of Mississippi, and Professor T. D. Woolsey, of Yale College.

The commencement exercises were closed by the delivery of an Address by Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the evening of the 6th., before the Literary Societies. His subject was "The permanent function of the Scholar."

I. O. of O. F.—The election of officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows has terminated in the election of the following officers:

Grand Master, Wm. L. C. Smith, of Buffalo. Deputy Grand Master, Jos. R. Taylor, of New York. Grand Warden, Daniel P. Barnard, of Brooklyn. Grand Representative No. 1., D. D. Egan, of New York. D. do. No. 2., B. C. True, of Albany. Grand Treasurer, Moses Anderson, of New York. Grand Secretary, John G. Treadwell, of New York. Grand Chaplain, Napoleon B. Mountfort, of New York.

☞ A new Professorship has been established in Williams College, called the Lawrence Professorship, endowed by the liberal donation of $20,000, given by Amos Lawrence of Boston. To this donation Mr. L. recently added $1,000, for establishing a Conservatory and Botanic Garden.

☞ The Bangor Gazette states that a Mr. Irving, who lives at Pushaw, Penobscot County, Me., in humble circumstances, has recently received intelligence from Scotland, that his wife is heir to an estate—her portion of which will amount to between one and two millions of dollars.

☞ Major G. Grimes, who some two years ago was committed to the asylum in Nashville, as a violent lunatic, has so far recovered as to write an interesting book of 80 pages, on insanity, covering all the details of his own case.

☞ Professor Lieber, of the College of South Carolina, has received a second offer from the King of Prussia, to enter his service as a superintendant general of prisons, together with a chair in the University of Berlin.

☞ Miss Browning, the "Kentucky Giantess," died on the 22d. ult., at her father's residence near Flemingsburg, Ky. Miss B. is said to have been an amiable and intelligent young woman.

☞ Mr. Francis Roach, aged 106 years, died on the 9th ult. He was a native of Fairfax county, Virginia.

☞ Since the 1st. instant, John Jacob Astor has invested $50,000 in Pennsylvania fives.

Army & Navy.

☞ The St. Louis New Era of a late date says: "The steamer Lexington arrived here yesterday morning from the Missouri. At Independence landing she took on board companies C. and D., belonging to the 4th Regiment of U. S. Infantry, numbering 116 persons and six horses, destined for Texas via New Orleans. They are from Fort Scott, and are under the command of Major Graham, Capt McCall, Lieuts. Hoskins, Holloway and Cochran."

☞ The New York Tribune says that orders were received on Saturday requiring Capt. Duncan, now at Fort Hamilton, to be in readiness at a moment's warning with his company of Flying Artillery to march for Texas. It will require two small vessels to transport this company with their horses. Their destination is the mouth of the Arkansas.

☞ The New Orleans Courier says: "We have heard that Gen. Taylor, who commands the American troops on the Neuces, has determined to take possession of a small fort constructed by the Mexicans on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, and to send the garrison to the other side of that river."

☞ The United States frigate Potomac, ship Saratoga, and brig Lawrence, sailed from Pensacola on Tuesday, the 29th ultimo, on a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico—leaving at Pensacola only the brig Somers, which was to sail early in the following week.

☞ A slip from the office of the Norfolk Beacon says, that two companies of U. S. Troops at Fortress Monroe have been ordered to Texas immediately. They are to be conveyed by the U. S. steamer Col. Harney, now at Norfolk.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

100 shares	Girard Bank,	8½
50 do.	Reading R. R.	28⅜
50 do.	Susque. Canal,	6
30 do.	Wilmington R. R.	15
5 do.	Inland Navigation,	1½
$1000	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	47
$750	do. 1848,	47
$250	Chem. & Del. Canal Loan,	81¼
$5000	State 5's, b5,	77
$10,000	do. rw	76¾
$1000	State 5's, s5d	77
$13,000	do. rw	76¾
$1000	State 6's, 1846,	86
$1000	Wil. Loan, 6's, 1855,	85
$1000	do. 1858,	81½
$1000	Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	83
$131 50	State 5's, 1843,	81½
$5000	State 5's,	76¾
$400	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	47

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Yates County Bank, Pen Yan.—50's, vignette, railroad cars, &c. Engraving good. Signatures of cashier and president lithographed.

Kensington Bank, Philadelphia.—10's, spurious, vignette, Neptune on his car; on right end Industry and Prosperity; left end railroad cars, &c.

Planters' Bank of Tennessee.—100's, spurious, payable at Nashville. Vignette, a herd of deer, and water view in the back ground. On right end margin a head of Washington, and on left end amount of note. Engraved by *Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, Cincinnati.*

Derry Bank, Derry, N. H.—2's, pay J. Jay. Nov. 2, 1842. The words "Two" and "New Hampshire" badly done.

South-Western R. R. Bank, Charleston, S. C.—100's, spurious. Vignette, locomotive with cars, which is different from the vignette of the genuine—a ship under sail.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Burlington, Vt.—10's, altered from 2's. Vignette, reapers, &c. Cattle on each end. Different from genuine 10's.

Bank of Bristol, Bristol, R. I.—3's, pay M. Bennett, Sept. 20, 1841. Signatures and filling up in same hand writing. Engraving miserable.

State Bank of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ia.—20's, letter A, pay S. S. Hanna, July 1, 1843, and filled up to different branches. Engraving good, and calculated to deceive.

Bank of Middletown, Middletown, Pa.—5's, spurious. A female with child in her arms. On left end statue of Washington, which is not on the genuine.

10's, spurious. Vignette, Declaration of Independence. 20's, spurious. Vignette, Pat. Lyon at his forge.

Bank of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.—3's, June 1, 1843. The true notes are dated 1st June, 1838.

Lancaster Bank, Lancaster, Pa.—5's, spurious, vignette Indian, Sailor, Eagle, &c. Engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co., N. Y.

Bank of Montreal, Montreal, Canada.—5's, letter A. Engraving coarse and paper muddy; half inch shorter than the true notes.

Northampton Bank, Northampton, Mass.—5's, spurious. Vignette three female figures, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Western Bank, Baltimore.—3's, spurious. Vignette Arms of Penna; signed Benson, Treasurer; Pennington, President, which names are not found on the genuine notes.

Connecticut Bank, Bridgeport, Conn.—20's. Vignette a female, with one arm resting on a sheaf of wheat.

Herkimer County Bank, Little Falls, N. Y.—5's, letter B, July, 1844. The month is spelled *Juli.*

Manufacturers' Bank, Rowley, Mass.—3's, letters C c. Vignette reapers at work, &c. Calculated to deceive.

10's, spurious. Vignette an eagle, &c. On right end Indian and female, and on left, head of Washington.

Lancaster Bank, Lancaster, Mass.—10's, letter A, dated May 1, 1845, payable to W. H. Lee. C. T. Symmes, cashier. Jacob Fisher, president. Extremely well done.

Highland Bank, Newburgh, N. Y.—3's, spurious. Vignette a female; one arm resting on a shield, on which is the figure 3.

North-Western Bank, Wheeling.—10's, spurious. Vignette agricultural implements—steamboat in the distance.

Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Del.—5's, spurious. Vignette Indian, Sailor, Eagle, &c. Unlike the true notes.

10's, spurious. Vignette Declaration of Independence. Right end, a blacksmith at his forge; left end, sailor holding the American flag.

20's, spurious. Vignette Pat Lyon at his forge, railroad car in the distance. On right margin, cattle; on left, train of cars.

Mohawk Bank, Schenectady, N. Y.—1's, letter D, engraving coarse. General appearance poor.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—The market has not varied. *Bark*—Nothing doing in quercitron, last sale of 1st No. 1 $21.75. *Coffee*—The market is firm, with reduced stocks; but no transactions of moment have been made public. *Cotton*—Since our last weekly review there has been very little selling, and the receipt of later intelligence from Liverpool, has not tended to improve the demand—holders though firm are more anxious to effect sales, about 220 bales have been taken in lots at 7c for Tennessee, 7⅛a7⅜c for good middlings, and 8½c for fair upland and New Orleans on the usual terms. *Fish*—The demand for mackerel is good with limited stocks—a sale of 500 bbls was made on private terms, and in lots from store at $13 25a13.50 for 1's, $11a11.25 for 2's, and $7 for 3's. *Fruit*—Limited sales from store at steady prices. *Flour and Meal*—The transactions in flour for the last three days have been on a limited scale but at steady prices; we notice small sales of fresh ground at $4,25, selected brands $4,37½, and a parcel inspected in store at $4.12½—sales of old stock at $4a4,25 as in quality, and fresh ground at $4,25a4,50 are making in a small way for city consumption. Rye Flour—Nominal at $3. Corn Meal—Further sales of Pa at $2,18¾, and Brandywine at $2.40. *Grain*—The arrivals are still light, sales of southern red wheat at 85a86c; a cargo of choice Juniata at 90½c, old at 85c, and mixed with new at 84c. Rye—We quote Pa. at 58a59c. Corn—Demand increased with limited receipts and prices tending upwards—sales of southern yellow at 46a48 and 4½c. Oats—Sales of southern at 30a31c. *Hemp*—We notice sales of 100 bales dew rotted at $92.50, and a small lot Manilla at $145, both 6 mos. *Hides*—we are advised of no sales. *Lead* more firm, we quote at $3.90, 6 mos. *Molasses*—The market has been quiet, and no sales of consequence reported. *Naval stores* we find without change. *Oils*—Demand moderate. *Plaster*—Further cargo sales at $2,75a2,80. *Provisions*—Sales of pork to a fair extent at $13.25, and $10.75 for mess and prime, and mess beef at $9, on the usual terms. Bacon—Holders are very firm; sales of several lots of shoulders at 6½c, and sides at 7½c; now held at 7a8c—hams sell at 9a11c. Lard quiet; we quote at 8a8½c. Butter in demand at 9a9½c. Cheese—Small sales at 7a7½c. Rice is more firm; sales of 100 casks at $3,75a3,81¼ cash, and small parcels at $3,87½a4. Salt—No arrivals. Seeds—Cloverseed in request at $5, but holders are not offering at that price. *Sugar*—The market has somewhat improved and about 400 hhds New Orleans sold at 6¼a7c, 6 mos. *Whiskey* is scarce; sales of bbls at 23c, and hhds at 22c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—650 head, including 490 from Virginia and Ohio; 620 sold; 100 for New York, at $4,50a5,75 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—160 offered. Sales of dry cows at $5a10; springers $8a16, and with calves $12a25 each, with a few extra at $26a28. Swine—550 in market. Sales at $4,50a5,50 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—1290 offered—sales at $1,50a3 for sheep, and $1a2.25 for lambs.

New York, Aug. 11.—At market, 1300 beef cattle, 250 from the south, 40 cows and calves, and 2500 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—The slight improvement noticed in our last report has hardly been maintained during the past week. Inferior and middling qualities $4 to 4,50; superior and prime qualities $5 to 5,50; a few extra at $6—300 left over. Cows and Calves—At market all taken at $14 to 23, as in quality. Sheep and Lambs—Prices remain stationary; sheep 87½c to $3,50; lambs 87½c to $2.50—unsold 300. Hay—The stock on hand is rather light, sales at 87½c.

Brighton, near Boston, Aug. 4.—At market, 1000 beef cattle, 3200 sheep and 300 swine—100 beef cattle unsold. Prices—Beef Cattle—Former prices were not sustained; we quote extra $5,25a5,37; first quality $5a5,17; second $4,25a4,75; third $3,50a4. Sheep—Lambs from $1,33 to $2; old sheep from $1,50 to 2,25. Swine—Old hogs at 4½ to 5c; shoats to peddle 4¼ and 5¼. At retail from 5 to 6½c.

Baltimore, Aug. 8—Beef Cattle—The offerings this week were large, and previous prices not sustained, although a considerable number were taken for another market. Of 649 brought forward, 360 sold at $3 to 5 per 100 lbs, 287 were driven to Philadelphia, and 2d left over. Hogs have become scarce, and sold at $5,12½ per 100 lbs.

Richmond, July 31.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,50; nett $5a5,25, according to quality.—Mutton—$2,25a3 per head. Lambs from $1,75 to 2,25. Veals scarce and in demand at from $4 to 6.

A DETERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD as it is called, can be accounted for upon no other principle than from corrupt and stagnant humors in the venous circulation which prevents the proper return of the vital fluid to the heart. The blood can have no more predilection for the head than for any other part; indeed its own specific gravity would give it a tendency to the extremities; but when the passages are choked up, and it becomes as it were prisoner in the head, no wonder there is a distension or swelling of the blood vessels, a pressure upon the brain, and headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, insanity, apoplexy, and other dreadful results. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are always certain to prevent the above unpleasant complaints; because they expel from the circulation those very humors which are the cause, not only of all disordered motions of the blood, but of every malady incident to man. They also aid and improve digestion, and therefore will most assuredly give health and vigor to the body, as well as prevent any evil consequences from what is termed a rush of blood to the head.

Caution to Agents.—Store keepers and agents are respectfully informed, that a medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one G. Benjamin Smith, of N. York, and sold by various store keepers, both in our city and county, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, but merely a miserable imitation. The only security against imposition is to purchase at the offices, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia; No. 198 Tremont street, Boston; No. 288 Greenwich street, between Reed and Chambers streets, New York; and be particular in all cases to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Remember, beware of all *Sugar Coated Counterfeits*, and be particular in all cases to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

HEALTH OFFICE, AUGUST 9, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 2d to the 9th August.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	1	0	Brought over,	29	49
Aneurism of Aorta,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	2
Apoplexy,	2	0	——Typhoid,	0	2
Cancerous Sore Mouth,	0	1	Hemorrhage,	0	1
Casualty,	0	2	——Lungs,	1	0
Croup,	0	2	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	3
Congestion of the Brain,	1	1	——Lungs,	1	4
Cholera Infantum,	0	19	——Stomach and Bowels,	5	4
——Morbus,	0	1	——Kidneys,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	3	Ileus,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	7	Marasmus,	0	5
Diarrhœa,	2	4	Measles,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
——Head,	0	4	Ossification of the Heart,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	2	1	Poisoning,	1	0
——Bowels,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Spasmus of Foot,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	2	Still Born,	0	9
Debility,	0	2	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Erysipelas,	1	0	Unknown,	0	2
Fever, Remittent,	1	1	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Carried over,	29	49	Total,	129—47	82

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 20 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug.	3,	74	81	84
	4,	78	80	85
	5,	74	82	86
	6,	74	80	83
	7,	73	77	77
	8,	73	80	85
	9,	75	81	87

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE, OLD FRIENDSHIPS, AND NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST feel constrained to make again their acknowledgments to the reading public for the liberal support which their paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the return which such patronage requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependent upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, THE POST has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In political intelligence we recognise only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

"*The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number.*"

To give the SATURDAY POST an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

FAMILY CIRCLE,

We give to its columns the character of a
WEEKLY MAGAZINE, embracing,
ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;
ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;
HISTORY AND HISTORIETTES;
BIOGRAPHY AND LEGENDS;
SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;
REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, on NOTABLES;
WIT AND HUMOR;

In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the

WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the POST truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still EXCELSIOR. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

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No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 29th July to the 11th August.

July 29, received from			
V. B. Morton	$2 00	T. M. Gibson	10 00
J. L. Gristner	6 00	S. Whitin	2 00
B. A. Sims	2 00	Wise & Thomas	5 00
E. W. Mason	2 00	W. H. Foster	4 00
S. C. Peterson	2 00	H. M. Addison	2 00
W. Lambright	1 00	P. R. Hughes	2 00
July 30.			
J. M. Cornell	2 75	J. E. Dudley	2 00
C. W. James, agt.	50 00	J. S. Matthews	4 00
E. R. Hall	2 00	H. Fettinger	4 00
J. H. Hopkins	10 00	S. Glace	2 00
W. Smith	2 00	R. Webster	2 00
J. Clifton	2 00	W. J. Browning	6 00
W. Gillam	4 00	J. A. Stewart	2 00
R. Frazier, Esq.	4 25	R. Turner	2 00
July 31.			
H. Garrettson	1 50	G. Kinsley	7 00
Miss J. Potts	2 00	J. Higgins	2 00
E. F. Etter	5 00	O. Bardwell	2 00
G. Hulme	2 00	S. King	2 00
J. T. Rond	10 00	J. H. Edwards	6 00
A. M. Burnell	2 00	R. C. Simpson	2 00
E. S. Brown	2 00	C. W. Mason	4 00
J. W. Hartwell	3 00		
August 1.			
J. Hess	5 00	C. W. Guernsey	2 00
J. Proden	2 00	E. L. White	1 50
M. Pope	2 00	J. C. Scott	1 50
E. D. Pope	2 00	W. E. Allen	4 00
J. B. Sleighter	5 00	S. H. Fuller	2 00
R. Wartendyke	2 00	E. P. Truman	2 00
H. M. Sheldon	10 00	R. S. Hagen	1 50
H. Shade	1 25	Miss A. A. Garrettson	1 50
H. Krider	2 00		
August 2.			
J. W. Horton	2 00	A. Grillet	1 00
W. D. Moore	4 00	G. B. Merritt	2 00
W. C. Stewart	4 00	W. C. Bynum	4 00
A. G. Burnett	2 00	R. B. Ferguson	4 00
G. W. Morton	18 00	J. W. Fenimore	4 00
S. W. Hallman	2 00	Dr. J. Wood	2 00
August 4.			
J. Van Rynegom	1 00	W. R. Barrington	1 00
Capt. J. B. Waples	2 00	H. Loetz	4 00
J. R. Wildman, P.M.	10 00	S. Burnett	2 00
J. J. Huckabee	2 00	W. Hammer	2 00
D. M. Dewey	3 00	T. Tomlinson	1 00
J. Broad	2 00	J. Wells	1 50
J. & S. R. Overholt	2 00	J. Pierce, agt.	25 00
J. M. Freeman	2 00	J. H. Church	2 00
A. C. Wilkes	6 00	E. M. Crowley	2 00
August 5.			
J. Shwartz	2 00	P. Brady	2 00
J. Millard	3 00	A. Orr	2 00
L. Feusier	2 00	C. H. Tavenner	2 00
J. Millard	2 00	N. Kouns	2 00
A. Atkinson	2 00	M. Culbert	5 00
T. G. Weston	2 00	M. W. Muller	2 00
W. P. Murray	4 00	J. H. Prudden	4 00
R. H. Reddell	2 00	B. Johnson	2 00
A. Lingg	2 00	Dr. W. Jones	2 00
W. Trautwine	2 00		
August 6.			
W. A. Pierce, agt.	50 00	C. Fellowes	2 00
R. W. Marshall	2 00	E. W. Bennett	2 00
E. C. Robertson	2 00	H. S. Anderson	2 00
J. S. Redman	8 00	C. Bentley	1 00
R. Covell, Jr.	2 00	W. R. Hagy	1 00
E. Peden	1 25	E. Block	2 00
T. Downs	2 00	C. W. Nevins	4 00
W. Kemble	2 00	G. W. Morrison	2 00
L. D. Eastman	2 50	H. Dunglison	2 00
August 7.			
S. P. Thorn	6 00	E. T. Wilson	4 00
R. P. Hudson	2 00	R. W. Hanson	2 00
J. L. Allen	2 00	E. Williams	3 00
R. W. Watson	5 00	T. T. Tittermary	2 00
T. Mayes	2 00	A. Wait	6 00
Robt. Clark	2 00	J. C. Sheets	1 50
W. Morrow	6 00	Mrs. P. Conrow	2 00
A. B. Sherif	1 00		
August 8.			
J. County	2 00	W. Chambers	2 00
W. Thompson	2 00	W. S. Hallowell	2 00
C. H. Stone	2 00	J. A. Young	6 00
E. F. Barnley	10 00	F. Brown	2 00
W. Neill	2 00	J. H. Wilson	5 00
G. F. Smith	2 00	W. Dunn	2 00
P. Snyder	2 00	J. D. Young	2 00
W. S. Shuster	4 00	F. Zeigler	1 62
J. B. Pringle	2 00	T. F. Clark	2 00
August 9.			
J. R. Weldin, agt.	34 03	R. W. Manning	4 00
D. Shaw	2 00	Capt. S. Tatem	1 50
J. G. Huckabee	1 00	J. B. Watson	2 00
G. D. Dunsman	2 00	W. D. Whiting	2 00
G. W. Harrington	2 00	P. D. Shaw	1 00
J. Albertson	1 20	S. E. Kauck	2 00
G. R. Lewis	6 00	J. C. Jarman	4 00
August 11.			
D. Fuller	4 50	J. H. Hanson	1 00
J. H. Stevenson, agt	45 00	G. Bowman, Sr.	2 00
H. Stanley	3 00	T. W. Goldtrap	2 00
Mrs. E. Wood	2 00	J. C. Stouch	2 00
W. B. Root	1 25	C. A. Hurd	3 00
E. B. Tilden	2 00	A. B. Woodman	2 00
H. J. Edson	2 00	J. E. Hall	4 00
R. W. Thurston	2 00	S. P. Andrews	2 00
W. E. Lewis	2 00		

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, or franked, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

ALMANAC.

August, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
16 SATURDAY,	5 13	6 47	1 11	
17 SUNDAY,	5 14	6 46	1 55	D. H. M.
18 MONDAY,	5 15	6 45	2 36	
19 TUESDAY,	5 17	6 43	3 13	
20 WEDNESDAY,	5 18	6 42	3 50	New 3 2 24
21 THURSDAY,	5 19	6 41	4 28	First 10 5 40
22 FRIDAY,	5 20	6 40	5 4	Full 17 8 17
23 SATURDAY,	5 21	6 39	5 49	Last 24 1 56

Married,

On the 13th inst. at Grace Church, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, L. THEODORE SALAIGNAC, to LOUISA L. daughter of Samuel Grant, Esq. all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev John L. Grant, Mr. WM. E. SMITH, to Miss CATHARINE PERKINPINE, all of Spring Garden.

In Montgomery county, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Jacob Medlart, Mr. CHARLES S. REEDER, to Miss FRANCES J. daughter of Henry Leech, Esq. both of West Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, Mr. THOMAS SHAW, to AMELIA TOFFART, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Stockton, JOHN SPILLIARD, of Southwark, to Miss SYRNA LINCOE, of Chester county, Pa.

At Baltimore, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Henry Slicer, Mr. TIMOTHY SYMMES, to Miss MARY E. LORMAN, all of Baltimore.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. JOS THORP, to Miss MARY HEAP, all of Philada.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. James Smith, Mr. CHAS MILLER, to Miss AMELIA A. CHILD, daughter of the Rev. Isaac Child, of Kensington.

In this city, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Moore, Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, of Wilmington, Del., to Miss ADALINE F. BATCHELOR, of Philada.

On the 12th inst. by Ald. Ash, of Spring Garden, Mr. BENJ. F. GREEN, to Miss PHEBE FOLLOWS, all of this county.

On the 24th ult. at Bardstown, Illinois, by Geo. Van Ness, Esq. JAMES MCCLURE, Jr. formerly of this city, to Miss LYDIA P. SPENCE, formerly of Tennessee.

In Philadelphia, January 24th, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. CHARLES C. OAT, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH T. BEAUMONT, of West Goshen, Chester county.

On the 7th inst. by the same, Mr. J. SHIPLEY JONES, to Miss LOUISA MCMAHON, both of this city.

On the 5th of May, by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. ROBERT GIBSON, to Miss ELIZABETH EAGLER, both of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 12th inst. aged 65 years, JAMES BURRIS, Pastor of the First Colored Church, of this city.

On the 13th inst. THOMAS, infant son of John and Eliza Long, aged 1 year, 8 months and 13 days.

On the 12th inst. MARTHA ANN, wife of John Rival, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 13th instant, Mr. PETER KLINE, Sr. in the 84th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Mr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 13th instant, in the 75th year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH BARNARD, relict of the late John Barnard, of the District of Southwark.

On the 10th inst. at the residence of Judge Prevost, in Hunterdon county, N. J. after a short illness, in the 30th year of his age, JOHN HARRISON M. PREVOST, formerly of this city.

On the 12th instant, JOHN NICHOLAS, son of Charles Thompson, aged 15 years.

At Herkimer, New York, on the 4th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH A. HALE, daughter of Colonel Mathew Myers, and relict of the late Albert M. Hale, formerly of this city, aged 29 years.

On the 7th inst. JOSEPHINE LANCASTER, aged 11 mos.

On the 12th inst. BENJAMIN SHOURDS, in the 53d year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of John Stief, in the 61st year of her age.

On the 12th inst. JOHN N. THOMPSON, son of Chas. and Julia A. Thompson, in the 15th month of his age.

On the 12th inst. LAVINIA E. daughter of William and Eliza J. Agnew, aged 11 years, 1 month and 19 days.

On the 11th inst. JULIANA NICKLIN, widow of Philip Nicklin, formerly a distinguished merchant, of this city.

On the 21st day of July, at Larne, county Antrim, Ireland, after a short illness, Dr. JAMES MCHENRY, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. BARBARA, daughter of Adam Fassig, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. of croup, WM. H. FRICK, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. ANNA VIRGINIA, daughter of Edward and Mary P. Heston, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Mr. DANIEL ESTELL, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. SARAH, daughter of Dr. R. McGrath, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. ANN TURNER, in the 47th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. THOMAS WALLACE, aged 98 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. SOPHIA, wife of Jacob Miley, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 10th instant, SARAH FOX, daughter of Edmund Wetherby, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 9th inst. JOHN L. HOWELL, in the 17th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARY CLARK, aged 66 years.

On the 9th inst. in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. ELLEN SHEAN.

On the 9th inst. PENROSE ROBINSON, Jr. in the 32d year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. JOSEPH JACOBS, in the 37th year of his age.

At Deal, N. J. on the 9th inst. of bilious fever, SUSAN GUIER, of Philada., eldest daughter of Geo. Guier.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS.
No. 11 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 16, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Relief Notes	1½ dis
Solvent Philadelphia Banks	par
United States Bank	28 dis
Girard Bank	par
Solvent Country Banks	par a 1½ dis
Bank of Susquehanna County	2 dis
Borough of Harrisburg	20 dis
Borough of Carlisle	30 dis
Lehigh Navigation Company Script	25 dis
MAINE.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
Bangor Commercial Bank	10 dis
Bank of Westbrook	5 dis
Calais Bank, Calais	10 dis
City Bank, Portland	10 dis
Layfayette Bank, Bangor	10 dis
Mercantile Bank, Bangor	10 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
Concord Bank, Concord	10 dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
Middlesex Bank, Cambridge	10 dis
Middling Interest Bank, Boston	20 dis
Phœnix Bank, Charlestown	55 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
Housatonic Railroad Company, Bridgeport	5 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
Pascoag Bank, Pascoag	10 dis
Providence County Bank	10 dis
Rhode Island Agricultural Bank	—
NEW YORK.	
Solvent New York City Banks	½ dis
Solvent New York Country Banks	½ dis
Commercial Bank, New York	2 dis
Washington Bank, New York	5 dis
Lockport Bank and Trust Company, Lockport	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent Banks	par a 1 dis
Morris Canal and Banking Company	—
Plainfield Bank, Plainfield	1 dis
Taylorsville and Delaware Bridge Company	15 dis
Yardleyville and Delaware Bridge Company	15 dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent Banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Solvent Baltimore Banks	½ dis
Solvent Country Banks	½ a 1 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
Solvent Banks	½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solvent Banks	1 a 1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent Banks	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent Banks	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent Banks	1½a2 dis
Bank of Hawkinsville, Hawkinsville	25 dis
Central Railroad and Banking Company, Savan.	10 dis
Central Bank of Georgia, Milledgeville	10 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile, Mobile	1½ dis
Bank of the State of Alabama	8 dis
do. Branches	8 dis
Planters and Merchants Bank, Mobile	8 dis
OHIO.	
Solvent Banks	2 dis
Bank of Cleveland, Cleveland	15 dis
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton	15 dis
Commercial Bank of Scioto	15 dis
Commercial Bank of Lake Erie	10 dis
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster	15 dis
Mechanics and Traders Bank, Cincinnati	15 dis
INDIANA.	
Indiana Script	10 a 15 dis
State Bank and branches	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Illinois Script	—
Bank of Cairo, Kaskaskia	—
Bank of Illinois and branches	45 dis
State Bank of Illinois and branches	40 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent Banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent Banks	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent Banks	1½ dis
Commercial Bank of Louisiana, N. O.	10 dis
New Orleans, Municipality 1 and 2	5 dis
" " 3	80 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
Bank of Port Gibson	40 dis
Grand Gulf and Railroad Banking Company	50 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair, St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Detroit	50 dis
do. do. Branch St. Joseph's	50 dis
Michigan Insurance Company, Detroit	50 dis
MISSOURI.	
Bank of St. Louis	1½ dis
Banks in Arkansas, Florida, Wisconsin and Iowa uncertain	

RESUMED.

JOHN B. STRYKER,

Of the late firms of Newbold & Stryker, and Stryker & Pogue, has resumed

THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS BUSINESS,

And now offers for sale, at *Nos. 12 and 14 Bank street, Philadelphia,*

Adjoining Myers, Claghorn & Co's Auction Store, No. 78 Market Street,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH, BRITISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Chiefly purchased at Auction, at a very small advance for Cash, or City Acceptances.

Believing that his long experience in purchasing, will enable him to sell his Goods at the lowest market prices, he invites his old friends, and others wishing to buy, to favor him with a call. jy 19-1y

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. OF ROBINSON & JONES, NO. 133 MAIN ST. above THIRD ST, CINCINNATI. J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH. OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.
SEARS' NEW PICTORIAL MAGAZINE.
NEW VOLUME AND CHEAP POSTAGE, 4½ CTS.
TERMS.—
1 copy, 1 year — TWO DOLLARS.
2 copies, do. — THREE DOLLARS.
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☞ Each number will be embellished with EIGHT OR TEN ENGRAVINGS, and consist of 48 or 56 pages of reading matter.

GREAT INDUCEMENT TO SUBSCRIBE.

We offer to POST-MASTERS and others, a copy of our New Work, just published, entitled, the *PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,* (Embellished with an original Portrait of WASHINGTON, by CHAPMAN, and more than 100 other Engravings, 430 pp. octavo,) for every NEW SUBSCRIBER with THREE DOLLARS enclosed; and for every club of two with FIVE DOLLARS enclosed, 2 copies of the above work shall be kept subject to their order, or carefully packed, and sent as they shall direct.

☞ Any person procuring TEN SUBSCRIBERS, and sending ELEVEN DOLLARS, (current funds) free of postage, shall receive ten copies of the Magazine, and the "HISTORY," as above.

☞ AGENTS WANTED to sell the "PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

☞ All letters must be post-paid, as unpaid letters are not taken from the Post Office. Address,
jy 5 3m) ROBERT SEARS,
No. 128 Nassau street, New York City.

☞ For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the "United States Saturday Post," and one copy of "Sears' Magazine" will be sent one year each.

☞ REMOVED.

I WOULD INFORM MY FRIENDS THAT I have removed my store from No. 20 South Third St. to the large and splendid warehouse, No. 8 South THIRD near MARKET street, where I am prepared to furnish my friends and customers, not only with my own popular FAMILY MEDICINES, viz:

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE or Life Preservative, HAIR TONIC, HAIR DYE, VERMIFUGE, CARMINATIVE, SANATIVE PILLS & AGUE PILLS;

but having also on hand a very large stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, ESSENTIAL OILS, GLASSWARE, PERFUMERY, &c.

In fact everything usually kept by wholesale dealers, and having made my purchases wholly for CASH and from first hands, I am enabled to execute orders, at as low prices, as pure, and unadulterated articles as can be obtained from any other establishment in the Union. Druggists, physicians, manufacturers and dealers are invited to call and examine my stock before they make their purchases. DAVID JAYNE.
Philada., May 24, 1845. my 24 tm

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Pain in the Side and Breast, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Palpitation of the Heart, Whooping Cough, Croup, Hives, Nervous Tremors, Liver Complaint and Diseased Kidneys, are radically cured by

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPTHA.

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!—FARTHER evidence of the efficacy of Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha, in Consumption.

Mrs. H. P. Warner, now residing at the house of Michael C. Fisher, in Woodbury, N. J., was attacked 18 months ago, with a violent disease of the lungs, pronounced by her physician, Dr. W. H., of Philadelphia, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS. The pain in her breast was violent, with difficult respiration, and total inability to raise the phlegm, precluding the possibility of repose, and rendering it necessary to remain propped up in bed three months. Her voice was gone. Her physician deemed her case hopeless, and she ceased to indulge the hope of recovery. Hearing of the numerous cures effected by THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPTHA; as a last resort she resolved to try it, and in a very short time her health improved, and to steady perseverance in the use of this invaluable remedy, she alone attributes her complete restoration to health.

The above statement respecting my wife is strictly true, and her recovery is attributed solely to the use of Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha—every other remedy having failed in her case.
HENRY P. WARNER, Kingsessing.
May 10th, 1845.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Wm. D. Little, Portland, Me.; T. C. Butler, Derby Line, Vermont; J. A. Perry, Manchester, New Hampshire; F. Brown, Boston; John Coe, Worcester, Mass.; C. L. Covell, Springfield, Mass.; R. J. Taylor, Newport, R. I.; Dr. Charles Osgood, Norwich, Conn.; F. Grant, Exeter, N. H.; G. Terry, Enfield, Conn.; Moses Dame, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; A. B. Sands & Co., New York; J. Eyerman, Easton, Pa.; T. B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J.; Ed. Bringhurst, Wilmington, Del.; Roberts & Atkinson, corner of Baltimore and Hanover streets, Baltimore; Chas. Stott, Washington, D. C.; A. Duval & Co., Richmond, Va.; Chas. Corling, Petersburg, Va.; M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va.; John H. Seay, Lynchburg, Va.; Dr. James Cooke, Fredericksburg, Va.; C. H. Hunt, do. Va.; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala.; F. A. & M. Owen, Memphis, Tenn.; L. Wilcox, Jr., Pittsburg; G. F. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. & N. Jenkins, Barnesville, do.; Jas. H. C. Johnson, Warren, do.; S. Cooper, Springfield, do.; Lewis Curtis, Geneva, Wisconsin Ter.; Doctor McPherson, Harrisburg; D. Gross, Harrisburg; Stevenson & Mehaffey, Carlisle; R. Augney, Carlisle, Pa.; John Gish, Lancaster; Jacob Mayer, Chambersburg; Rev. D. Smith, Greencastle, Pa.; Houston & Mason, Towanda, Pa.; Sharp D. Lewis, Wilkesbarre, do.; J. W. Storrer, Waynesboro', do.; John G. Brown, Forestville; E. W. Earl, Reading, Pa.; Moore & Longacre, Norristown, Pa.; H. P. Auginbaugh, Hagerstown, Md.

S. P. THOMSON, N. E. corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, sole proprietor. aug 16-eow6m
Price 50 cents per bottle, or six bottles for $2,50.
☞ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND COUNTERFEITS.

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SLEEPER & FENNER,
MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,
No. 126 Market Street,
SOUTH SIDE, BELOW FOURTH, PHILADELPHIA,
Invite the attention of Merchants and Manufacturers to their very Extensive, Elegant, New Stock, prepared with great care, and offered
AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realising their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers. jy 12 1y

TRAVELLING MAP AGENTS WANTED.

THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO ENGAGE in the sale of his MAPS a number of young men of strictly moral and business habits. A capital of from $100 to $300 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Unexceptionable testimonials of character will be required.
m3 6m* S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
N. E. corner of Market and 7th streets, Philada.

CANCER, SCROFULA AND GOITRE.—Ample experience has proved that no combination of medicine has ever been so effectual in removing the above diseases, as JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, or Life Preservative. It has effected cures that have been truly astonishing, not only of Cancer and other diseases of that class, but has removed the most stubborn diseases of the Skin, Swellings, Dyspepsia, &c. &c. This medicine enters into the circulation and eradicates diseases wherever located. It purifies the blood and other fluids of the body, removes obstruction in the pores of the skin, and reduces enlargements of the glands or bones. It increases the appetite, removes headache and drowsiness, invigorates the whole system, and imparts animation to the diseased and debilitated constitution. There is nothing superior to it in the whole materia medica. It is perfectly safe and extremely pleasant, and has nothing of the disgusting nausea accompanying the idea of swallowing medicine.

Prepared and sold at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. Price $1 a bottle. my 17-3m

DAVID EVANS' PATENTS.
FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS AND SLATE LINED REFRIGERATORS, WATER FILTERS, &C.
EVANS & WATSON,
No. 76 South Third Street, opposite Philada. Exchange,

Manufacture a large assortment of David Evans' Patent Air-tight Fire and Thief Proof Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Mortgages, Silver Plate, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c. &c., made in all instances without wood or plank, as 90 out of 100 Fire Proof Chests (so called) now in use, and made for sale, are mere Plank Boxes, covered with thin sheet iron, with common locks, at once shows the utility of having an article that may be depended on.

A Letter from Dr. Thos. P. Jones, of Washington, editor of the Franklin Journal, concerning Air-tight Chests.
WASHINGTON, May 25, 1844.

David Evans—Sir: In answer to your inquiry, I have to say that if your Safes and Chests are air-tight, the air itself being one of the best non-conductors of heat, is superior to any filling you can use. The only advantage derived from Asbestos or other non-combustible materials, is to prevent the crushing in of the sides of the chest, when highly heated; but for protecting the interior, they are not equal to air. Yours, respectfully, THOS. P. JONES.

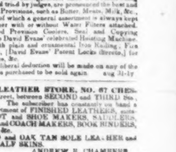
All our Chests are made of Boiler Iron, with iron frames riveted through and through so strongly, that the falling in of no building can possibly mash the sides in; and the space between being hollow and air-tight, gives them advantages over all Chests filled in between, as they will keep the contents inside in a perfect dry state when in use, as no dampness can strike through the air-tight chambers, and will last ten times as long and keep in good order. D. Evans' Patent Refrigerators, lined with Slate, being inspected and tried by judges, are pronounced the best and sweetest for Provisions, such as Butter, Meats, Milk, &c., now in use, of which a general assortment is always kept on hand, either with or without Water Filters attached.

Water and Provision Coolers, Seal and Copying Presses, also David Evans' celebrated Hoisting Machine. Together with plain and ornamental Iron Railing, Fire Proof Doors, [David Evans' Patent Locks thereto,] for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B.—A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again. aug 31-1y

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 16-e* ANDREW E. CHAMBERS



From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

MARY GRAY.

A BALLAD.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Respectfully Inscribed to M—— K——.

O'er the lake the twilight lingers,
Like a veil on widow's brows,
And the eve with airy fingers,
Folds the drapery of her vows.
Where the sunset's golden sands thee,
White on yonder misty isle,
I'll a simple tale relate thee,
How a maiden loved and died.

Let me sing, love, circle round thee—
Oh, shine down on sweet love's bliss—
Then some singer strange has bound me,
To secret love, and left me his.
Or, perhaps, some fairy minstrel
Dream-like graces around is hung;
Oh, she looked a wondrous fairy,
And her rule a fairy land!

In an ivy-covered cottage
Where the honey-suckle grew,
Like a flower, that modest grew,
Mary Gray, the village lily,
Waxed her with their lips of dew;
There by day the green-wood filled her
With sweet fancies warm and wild,
And by night the stream lulled her,
Into slumber like a child.

Gipsey sweet she looked no guides,
Robust by her eyes so blue;
Such as once a ages olden,
Grecian bladee to battle drew
Round her lips, with laughter merry,
Dream-like graces seemed to hand;
Oh, she looked a wondrous fairy,
And her rule a fairy land!

In an era once more bright glowing
Since her heart, a lovely star,
Where her beauty's worshipper beaming
Like a planet from afar;
Oh, I knew, with brows yet folded,
Lowering in the morning sky,
Till a wandering breeze unrolled it,
And its sunset flush showed.

To that happy vale a stranger,
Idly roving, chanced to come—
One whom crime had made a ranger
From the haunts of men;
Pulled with pleasure's evasion dances,
From her haunts he loved among,
And in cool bow his glances
Chanced to rest on Mary Gray.

Love was in his dark eyes shining,
Love—oh how corrupt and vain!
And like it were his lips entwining
Wreathed each accent and honeyed sin.
Deep his gentle, held her weary,
Like a charm each sadness o'er,
Woke it strange if trusting Mary
Grew to him her gentle heart!

Oh how lightly, pleasure laden,
Danced the hours here along,
While he bared the simple maiden
To the dance of love and song.
Swayed each wave in bliss entwining,
Every thought with passion rife,
Every pulse with rapture dancing,
Life was love, and love was life!

Per these hours of dreamy pleasure
From that tranee of wild delight,
Of late her heart, with anguish gushing,
Bore its dream closelee to sight,
But had been her dream rejecting
In its sunlight, warm and free,
Each of him her sorrow was thinking,
Onward to eternity.

Lovely was the landscape round them,
Wrapt in morning's balmy joy,
When the flowery chain they bound them
Round her, like a lady's toy!
As of life the words had red'ned,
Tearless, motionless the mood,
With a look she turned to bless her,
Standing in the shady wood!

"Now no longer I delude thee"—
Thus the base deceiver cried,
"Now may you turn back to bridal
This was other scenes Somewhere
Beyond her flowery land, I said,
And the snares of cold Dorcester,
Wrapt it grave of Mary Gray!

Like a lily cut-off broken,
When the winds in fury rave,
With her sorrows all unspoken,
Such she to her home, the grave,
Was it strange if trusting Mary
Grew to him her gentle heart!

Oh how lightly, pleasure laden,
Danced the hours here along,
While he bared the simple maiden
To the dance of love and song.
Swayed each wave in bliss entwining,
Every thought with passion rife,
Every pulse with rapture dancing,
Life was love, and love was life!

American Literature

THE INTELLECTUAL HISTORY, CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER 7

NOVELS AND ROMANCES

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

The field of romantic fiction has for a quarter of a century been thronged with laborers. I do not know how large the national stock may be, but I have in my own library more than seven hundred volumes of novels, tales and romances by American writers. Comparatively few of them are of equal merit as to be undeserving a place in any general collection of those literary treasures. Altogether they are not below the average of English novels for that present century; and the proportion which is marked by a genuine originality of manner, purpose and feeling, is much larger than they who have not read them are aware.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, the pioneer in this department of our literature, was a gentle, unobtrusive enthusiast, whose vocation was intellectual and wrecked her by the too powerful pulsations of his heart. He was in reconciliation with the larger portion of his life though it was passed in cities, was that of a recluse. A happy destiny, he writes in his diary, "brought me to the knowledge of two or three readers of kindred mould with mine; but they are gone and O God! enable me to support this wretchedness until it is the will that I should follow them."

Of the joy with which he communed with his thoughts, in the gloomy woods, among the rocks and the beings of his imagination until the veil disappeared from between himself and the spiritual existence. He lived in an ideal, and had little or no sympathy with the actual world.

Of BROWN'S novels, Wieland, Arthur Mervyn, and Edgar Huntley are the best. It is hard to say they are imitations of Caleb Williams and Saint Leon, for few of them was written, and his first novel was positively fashioned, before he had heard of Godwin. Intelligently and contemporaneously that author and himself founded on two hemispheres a new school of fiction.

BROWN had more genuine than talent and more imagination than humor. It has been said that he outlanged the laws of art, by gross improbabilities and inconsistencies. The criticism is unjust for the story of Wieland—the most terrible of his novels, is true, and the unity and consistency of all of them is apparent to every reader familiar with pathological phenomena. In this story of Wieland, a father is tempted to murder his own children by him, he apparent communications from heaven. The exhibitions of his constant rapture as he contemplates his triumph, in obedience to the divine authority, even of Lord himself, and of the ecstacy with which he gazes on discovering that he has been deceived are among the most powerful and striking passages in his writings. The persons of the drama are all such as are to be found in fact: the story is interesting and dependent upon character; it is earnest: all its parts are in perfect harmony, and it remarkable ingenuity is shown in making each successive incident an inevitable result of what preceden d.

BROWN is delighted in bearing the hurt alone through enormous perplexities with horrors. But however credible may seem his incidents, they rarely or never transcend actual life. In one of his works he describes the pestilence in Philadelphia. His fearful disturbances startles and oppresses. We seem to be in the midst of the suffering, to hear the total breathing of the living and the rendering of the dry skin of the hearse; while the sun shines from a clear sky on wasted streets, empty houses, and fevered cheeks with weeds. No one ever painted more skillfully a desolation. He leads the way in a deserted boarding-stream through the paved shutters—in dim twilight we see coarse garments with fluid—and Fear and Melancholy grow with their fate, cold fingers on the brain and heart, as we recall, under such spells, the tragedies which permitted events to form there under the undisturbed Heaven.

Doubtless BROWN was too often content with the production of most effect. His novels, generally written with great rapidity, are incomplete, and not finished in method. He disregarded rules, and cared little for criticism. But his style was clear and nervous, with little ornament, free of affectations, and indicated a great sincerity and depth of feeling.

TIMOTHY FLINT, a successor of BROWN, is better known to other works than by his novels: but Francis Berrian, Arthur Clenning, George Mason, and the Shenandoah Valley, are books of merit. Their dramatic interest is not very great, but they are marked by an unstudied manner and freedom from pretension, and abound in striking and graphic descriptions, and the characters are vigorly drawn and well contrasted. In every department in which this author wrote at all he has shown a considerable of feeling and gentleness.

I do not know that it is strange, but while from every quarter of Europe come to the author of The type all sufficient claims of applause while the publication of Germany and France delight the claims of all to be ranked beside him or even with him his own countrymen decide his pretensions and Moulton critics affect contempt of him, or make the appearance of his works occasions of passing personal abuse. I shall not discuss the causes of this feeling further than by remarking that MR COOPER is a man of independence; that he is aware of the dignity of his position; that *he thinks for himself in his capacity of citizen*, and that he has written above the popular taste, in avoiding the sickly sentimentalism which commends to cheap boys and chamber-maids the half-Wasmodiatic novels of this age.

In each of the three classes of fictions of which he is the originator—stories illustrative of aboriginal character, romances of American history, and tales of the sea—he has had troops of imitators, and not one of these can be said to have equalled his books, but from nature, his descriptions his incidents, his characters are as fresh as the fields of his triumphs. His Harvey Birch, Leather Stocking, Long Tom Coffin, and other heroes will live and be read when the names of their imitators are forgotten. In the moral, as striking original creations, as actual existences, his ships, gliding like beings at the ocean its surface, his skilful, military evolutions, and indeed all his delineations of nature, are imbued with the life and poetry. He is the first who Revolutionary Times and the Chinese Loraine of novelists. And through all his works are mountains of genius, courtesy and honor; and an unobtrusive and therefore more powerful assertion of liberty and right and dignity.

I shall not pretend to say how far a good plot is essential to a good novel. Doubtless in a tale, as in a play, the interest, with respect, is dependent in a large degree upon the plot; but the quality of subordinate to that of construction; in fact all his distinctions of nature are instinct with the life and poetry. He is the Mr. Pepys and Verner and the Claude Lorraine of novelists. And through all his works are mountains of genius, courtesy and honor; and an unobtrusive and therefore more powerful assertion of liberty and right and dignity.

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☞ The N. Y. Chrystal Front says, there is a large business doing in the front goods line at that city. The country trade is the retail dry goods trade, on Gouverneur street, who is protected by a tariff made out of the homemade novels of this age.

☞ The Picayune has a story of a rattlesnake which swallowed a field mouse or mole, and remained motionless for a week, as if digesting the last way out, and finally killing the snake. The mouse had eaten its way through the snake's body and escaped.

☞ "What on earth makes those paper so heavy?" said an opressive gentleman to his penn-taking neighbor. "Because they contain so much news," answered I set them to have upon the leaves of My old overseer."

☞ A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox observed that he thought the main fault for "tick" and he never served anyone for the hours, and a woman to make to forget them.

☞ Shame is a virtue that changes color, like the Indian beast, according to the light it is viewed in now it is fine scarlet, now it is rank, now it is richest purple, and sometimes it is quite evanescent it was truth.

☞ A correspondent says it was no warm at New-buryport, the other day, that a lady heated her flat irons sufficiently hot, by setting them on a shed, to iron her clothes with them. We can't believe it.

☞ It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse in the tail is now all the rage in Paris. It is done to the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him in the bull.

☞ "Sam, do you know any songs?" "Yes, I know two." "What are they, Sam?" "One's Old Hundred, and t'other air."

Thrilling Narrative.

FROM THE MORRISTOWN JEFFERSONIAN

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

A Historical Narrative.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at the early age of seventeen, and settled at Hunter's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West he had cut down trees, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field 40th acres and was quietly settled.

It was on the 7th of August, 1782; the sun had risen brightly, the birds were singing merrily in the surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its luxuriant burden, the cotton, the clover, reveled waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his child on his knee, the young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That morning he had unusually found a bottle of letters, which he had finished reading, and which had caused him to sit in deep the door. It was a correspondence in which they exchanged mutual vows of love and constancy, and each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy in the countenance of each. The letters, however, seemed to partake of his parents' feelings, by its tone of deep, fervid piety that breathed through the sacred words. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle, and a loud, piercing shriek, broke on the ear of Morgan. Morgan sprang to his feet, his rifle ran to the door and they beheld a band of savage Indians.

The door was immediately barred, and the rest mounted their brave were rendered by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and Morgan, Morgan, coal, brave and prompt, soon decided. While he was thus hard pressing, his wife under the floor a mother's feeling overcame her natural timidity, and she was only attentive but that an eyes would betray her place of concealment. She once espied her child in the arms of a tall, dark, fierce savage, and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. At the signal, shouted at the pursuit of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up and smiled upon her, and then was borne on the savage's back, and wept aloud. "In the name of heaven," cried Morgan, "spare the child!" but the distracted husband in a soft imploring voice, as he forced his mother from his side. Maddened by the sight, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and threw it down. The savage made a blow, missed, and fell to the ground. The contest over the child was now warm and bloody, and the yells of the savages only. The valiant and athletic Morgan at length got the advantage of his antagonist, and laid him lifeless by the stabs of the white man were numerous, and the contest was carried on in the earth in death.

Morgan hastily took up his child, and fled.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in plundering, had not heard the noise of the fierce contest in the yard, until the one that had been left to guard the prisoners gave signal of alarm, and then to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered immediately, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by fear, the faithful animal fled before he moved with the speed of a hunted stag, with gaugher than that he sustained his load in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun the dog, and hoping to intimidate the animal by the fatal knife, he halted until it came within a few yards of him, and then fired and killed it. But the short time he reached the house of his brother, who had also settled in the neighborhood, and found that his brother had left the child, and the two brothers set out in search of the Indians. Morgan's brother broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears were realized, and the mangled body of his brother crowded upon his mind. Emerging from a cane brake, he saw the Indians in the distance, and the act of leaping from the saddle he received a ball in his breast, which caused him to reel and fall on his wound him by the hair and applied the knife to his head, when Morgan, with a shout of joy, and a stick sharpened at the end, struck him in the eye and penetrated the brain. The savage fell dead, and Morgan mounted his horse and pursued the Indians with redoubled speed. Morgan was now within a few paces and took advantage of the fact, and fired. The luminary of heaven arose and still found him seated over the almost expiring enemy. He had not yet taken the scalp of the latter, which he was tearing the name of Eliza on the ground, and he was about to perform the horrid deed that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin of his brother, and then on his nephew. It was Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search, and found the prisoners, and the child of their guard, carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth. Morgan then returned to the cabin of the venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest affections.

Several days after this Morgan was engaged in a general combat with the Indians, in which he had the dismal satisfaction of seeing his wife and child the victims and the surviving whites retreating before the savages. He was left alone, and resolved to die where he had lived. He was determined to fight to the last, and to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was soon surrounded by the savages, and received a ball in his thigh, which disabled him from moving. He was soon surrounded by the savages, and received a ball in his thigh, which disabled him from moving. He was soon surrounded by the savages, and received a ball in his thigh, which disabled him from moving.

Sketches of Life.

THE MARKET DINNER.

[The following sketch is from an agreeable series of papers in the New York Commercial Advertiser. We hope to see them collected in volumes at no distant day.]

It wanted about half an hour to the usual dinner time in Fox Inn—I had been sitting in it for an unknown or portion, in which more three long tables were covered with cloths of snowy white, and which full of clay pipes about two feet long, green painted sun shades, and wrapped around with tin foil, and each was placed a cast iron spittoon, filled with sawdust and sand, and placed at the top. door of the room was also sprinkled with saw dust. Around the walls were a row of hard and high chairs, and they were also covered with pictures to within about four feet of the floor.

In a conspicuous part of the room, and over an open fire place, hung a large and handsome mirror, in a line of small cases, extending right and left, like the wings of a theatre, and in a gilt frame, the portrait of an old gentleman, in a small-colored coat a la mode de Washington Irving, with one hand on a clay pipe, and the other on a cane, and a countenance of intense complacency, instead of frowning upon the company, as he might have done under the circumstances, smiled benignantly and approbation mirth. Not wishing to join in such riotous amusement, I had retired to a corner of the room, and quietly reflected, and an hour afterward I heard them still enjoying themselves in a manner so truly English.

INSTINCT OF THE GOOSE.

The following incident was related to us by a respectable lady, and there can even a doubt of the destitute of the ledger content.

My father had a present of an old Governor Gill with a goose imported from Europe of superior size, and which, during the spring, was rung upon the island with progeny. Whenever the other geese brought out broods of goslins, the children matron would immediately appropriate them to the care and protection of my mother, the solitary bird was set apart for the use of the family. Of this we were highly delighted, and the duties of incubation were performed with the greatest assiduity. A warm spot under the roof of the stable was the resort of her anxious cares. There conduct only shines by reason of not, that a crisis would be more than usually interesting. Let us fully admit, then, the relative merit, and the difficulty of the task, and we shall be prepared enough if they only act as their neighbors generally do, and thus, by adhering to their own principles, acquire a supreme nature. But still also let us understand that they are not to expect to be free from their merit felt as calling for unusual notice or commendation.

For what are such eccentric bequests? Are they not evidently the result of those foibles, which, not perhaps, a part of the mental constitution, are parts of the natural feelings arising from age or disease, and which, if not indulged in to a certain extent, would be but would beneath it as an ordinary condition, view the mind in a state of unrest and discomfort, and as a mass of sense with himself. He does now in his power, and which, if not indulged in, would cause previous state now, he would have condemned in the former. Indeed, we have a having the advantage of the bequest of a testator ascertained to be of sound mind, memory and understanding, and contrasting his own mental feelings and rendering them the standard of comparison. The man who is he acts to little better than that of a man who, in a paroxysm of fever, should rave on the simplicity of its heart has offered, not knowing its wishes, to purchase for it the object of its fond desire. What are we to do, for all such conduct tends to the public mischief, and is therefore clearly immorality. It gives a figurative sanction to the caprice of every man for himself, which in the present case we have shown to be wrong, and for anything else to retard the happiness of mankind.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Choice Selections.

FATHER TAYLOR.

Who has not heard of E. T. Taylor, famous for the gospel, and, of course, an advocate of temperance? He is the most popular of the temperance speakers of the day. The New England Washingtonians have had no more effective friend. Discourses. Here it is:

"Brethren," said Mr. Taylor, "about three years since I called to see a widow, one of our sisters, who had been a member of the church, but had fallen into sin. She in which he waited her husband had been a drunkard, and died a drunkard's death. I came to think that her darling boy, her only support, would follow in his father's footsteps. I went to her over with her, and endeavored to cheer her with the hope that her son would be saved. 'Oh, no, sir,' said she, 'he will be a drunkard.' I said, 'Let us pray.' We prayed, and I left her. I saw William's name on the temperance pledge, and I said, 'Thank God, my own William cannot open fire the door and drink rum.' I went to see her, and found her sick and ready for a change. He gazed an instant his eye brightened, and he sprang to her bedside, and knelt down by her side, and wept and sobbed aloud. I left her, and I said, 'Thank God, my own William will not go to the grave of a drunkard